THE MAGAZINE FOR MAT FANS

A CHAMPION SPORTS PUBLICATION

Wrestling REVUE

JUNE/64 50c

EXCLUSIVE

THE NIGHT MIGHTY HERCULES WAS UNMASKED

FULL COLOR PIN-UP
JOHN PAUL HENNING

IN MEMORY OF
GORGEOUS GEORGE

FEATURES

AROUND THE CIRCUITS (Photos)
MOOSE EVANS
ANNETTE PALMER
CRUSHER LISOWSKI
VERNE GAGNE
GORILLA MONSOON
BOBO BRAZIL

READERS' pros and cons

WRESTLERS VS. BOXERS

Sirs:

I refer those of your readers who contend that a boxer could lick a wrestler to the June/62 issue of W.R. It seems to me the article conclusively proved that a boxer—even a topnotcher—would be at an impossible disadvantage against a wrestler.

RUSS PARKER
Toronto, Canada

ROUGEAU NO P. M.

Sirs:

Let's put an end to this ridiculous gossip about Johnny Rougeau becoming Prime Minister (Oct/63). For your information, when two members of the House of Commons recently resigned, Rougeau tried to get one of the seats but failed to garner even enough votes to qualify as a candidate. Touting Johnny as P. M. material is like saying a ball player is ready for the major leagues when he can't even make the minors.

BOBBY ENGELBERG
Montreal, Canada

SO. CALIF. LIKES CLEAN WRESTLING

Sirs:

It may, as you say, be bad box-office to match two scientific wrestlers against each other (Apr/64). But tain't so in Southern California! Last November, promoters Jules Strongbow and Sandor Szabo put on a show featuring two of the most scientific wrestlers in the world—Ed Carpentier vs. Bearcat Wright. Result: a sell-out crowd of 10,400 fans, including many who felt themselves lucky to squeeze into S.R.O. space. The bout was a draw.

BOB PETTIT
Pomona, Calif.

Skull Murphy (left) and Brute Bernard

ANOTHER BERNARD-MURPHY FAN

Sirs:

I thoroughly agree with reader Brad Fenton (Feb/64 Pros and Cons) that Brute Bernard and Skull Murphy are the most misunderstood men in wrestling. If people would show them the respect they deserve, perhaps they wouldn't vent their resentment on their opponents. Along with Brad, I'll always be rooting for Bernard and Murphy—the world's greatest tag team.

THEODORE BEHRMAN
Philadelphia, Pa.

Bernice LaRue

LIKES HEFTY GALS

Sirs:

How come "future champ" Brenda Burchette (Feb/64 Pros and Cons) had to write six times before you printed her letter? There are many fans, like myself, who are interested in hefty gals—whether they be today's wrestling headliners or tomorrow's stars—and our desires shouldn't be taken lightly! I want to wish Brenda the best of luck—and I'll be at ringside if and when she tangles with Bernice LaRue.

HARRY MORISSON
Miami, Fla.

BOTTOMS STORY TOPS!

Sirs:

The story, and accompanying photos, on Verne Bottoms (B.I., Dec/63) were tops! Verne is by far the most vivacious and voluptuous woman wrestler I've ever seen. And those curves . . . wow! As of now, I nominate myself as her top fan.

MIKE CANNULI
Reading, Pa.

Fritz Von Erich

SOME LIKE FRITZ NOW . . .

Sirs:

Your article, "Fritz Von Erich's Other Side" (Apr/64), really startled me. I have always thought of him as the type of person who, because of his conduct in the ring, shouldn't be allowed to participate in any sport. After reading the story, I'm convinced there's a lot of good even in the worst of us.

MYRON SWITZER
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sirs:

As soon as I finished reading your Von Erich article I threw all my hat-pins away. You just never can tell!

MAGGIE EVANS
Pasadena, Calif.

Sirs:

Up to now, I always considered Fritz Von Erich to be thoroughly bad. Your feature changed my mind completely.

GARY CAMPBELL
St. Peter, Minn.

Sirs:

It's always good to learn about the "other side" of wrestling's bad-men . . . the side we don't see when they're stomping, gouging, clawing and committing other acts of mayhem. From now on, I'll think twice before booing any villain . . . especially Fritz Von Erich!

WILLIAM G. HAYES
Redondo Beach, Calif.

. . . AND SOME DON'T!

Sirs:

Thanks a lot for the Fritz Von Erich pin-up. I have it in my game room—and it's sure improved my aim with darts! Keep those villain pictures coming!

MICHAEL LESSER
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

The only thing that will convince me that Fritz Von Erich has "another side" is to see him quit using his murderous claw hold. If he runs true to form, that'll be never!

DICK MARTIN
Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

I still think Fritz Von Erich should be barred from wrestling.

WILLIAM D. HOLTZ
Chicago, Ill.

FLASH FROM A STAR

Sirs:

A bouquet of roses for the action-packed story on peppery Maria DeLeon (Apr/64). In the bouts I had with her, she showed real championship form. Also, I'm sure the fans are happy to see stories on fresh new personalities, instead of the same old faces.

Belated thanks for the beautiful feature and picture layout you did on me in the Aug/63 issue.

VICKI ADAMS
Chicago, Ill.

NOT PERFECT

Sirs:

W.R. is in a class by itself . . . but it won't be perfect until you run a full color pin-up of the greatest wrestler of them all—Killer Kowalski.

BILLY BAUDE
Rockville, Md.

DOESN'T LIKE BRAGGARTS

Sirs:

Every Saturday I spend a fascinating hour listening to and watching some of the top mat stars on Championship Wrestling From Florida. Mr. Gordon Solie, the announcer, is very patient when it comes to letting some of the wrestlers tell the world how great they are. Two who don't break their arms patting themselves on the back are Eddie Graham and Don Curtis. I wish wrestling had more Grahams and Curtises . . . and fewer braggarts.

SHARON E. DILL
Jacksonville, Fla.

Continued on page 6

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Wrestling REVUE

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READERS PROS AND CONS

Continued from page 2

ROOTING FOR ROGERS' RETURN

Sirs:

Wrestling just hasn't been the same since Buddy Rogers' retirement. I'm just one of many thousand fans who are hoping, after reading his letter in your sister magazine (B.I., Mar./64), that he'll soon be in action again, bringing his inimitable brand of life and color to the sport we all love.

NEIL MARTIN
Bellerose, N. Y.

Sirs:

I used to boo Buddy Rogers' strutting and posturing, but I've missed the big so-and-so since he retired and find myself hoping he'll decide to make a comeback.

PAUL JORDAN
Waycross, Ga.

Sirs:

Love him or hate him, you've got to admit that Buddy Rogers **was** Mr. Wrestling. A past-master at needling fans, the innovator of fancy ring jackets and the "Rogers strut," Buddy's retirement left a big void in the sport, one that no other wrestler has been able to fill. So come on back, Buddy . . . and start our blood boiling again!

JACK VANDERMADE
Ho Ho Kus, N. J.

The Bruiser

BAN THE BRUISER!

Sirs:

Something should be done about wrestlers like the Bruiser . . . and quick! I recently saw this hateful character do everything but murder Ray Stern at the Detroit Olympia, jumping off the ropes, feet first, into Stern's face, gouging Ray's eyes, committing every vicious act possible. I, for one, say he should not be allowed to wrestle decent human beings.

JEAN SIMPSON
Toledo, Ohio

Gene Kiniski

KINISKI FAN

Sirs:

As a long-time fan of Gene Kiniski, I particularly enjoyed WRESTLING REVUE's story in the Apr/64 issue. Some years ago, when studio wrestling was shown on Chicago TV, I wrote to Gene, telling him that I saw through his "bad-guy" facade, and that I didn't think he was near the villain he was painted to be. I was surprised to learn later that he made arrangements with the studio director whereby I was given a pass to the matches for as long as the show was on the air. Gene Kiniski may be hell on his opponents . . . but to me he'll always be a gentleman.

BARRY COHEN
Chicago, Ill.

ANOTHER "STRONGEST WRESTLER" ENTRY

Sirs:

I don't agree with reader John Alexander (Apr/64 Pros and Cons) that Hercules Cortez and Bruno Sammartino are the world's strongest wrestlers. This honor belongs exclusively to Crusher Lisowski, who has beaten Cortez at least five times. Mr. Alexander also states that Cortez and Sammartino would make a terrific team. Possibly so, but if they were ever unfortunate enough to meet Lisowski and the Bruiser, they'd be out of wrestling for good.

ROGER JOHNSON
Durand, Wis.

Bruno Sammartino

SUGGESTION DEPT.

Sirs:

The full-color pin-up of Bruno Sammartino (Feb/64) is now among my more treasured mementos. I've had it framed and it occupies a prominent place on my wall. But the picture isn't enough. I'm sure that anyone who's amassed the record Sammartino has, deserves a full-length story in W.R.

RICHARD BROWN
Ossining, N. Y.

Sirs:

How about giving us Antonino Rocca fans a break and adding this great wrestler to your fabulous color pin-up series?

DANNY WALSEK
Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:

I've one beef against W.R. — you've yet to do a story on the West Coast's most popular wrestler, Jose Lothario. You'd be doing Jose's many fans a big favor by featuring him in an article — and you'd be a cinch in any California election if you squeezed in his full-color pin-up.

TOM JACOBS
Sacramento, Calif.

• See Aug/63 issue of W.R. for feature story on Lothario.—ED.

Sirs:

I just got through devouring an old article on my favorite star, the Zebra Kid (Fall/61). Since more than two years have elapsed since the story appeared, I suggest you do a follow-up, with more exciting action photos, on this very colorful grappler.

QUINCY MORRISON
Rumson, N. J.

Karl Gotch

GOTCH SHOULD BE RATED

Sirs:

I think W.R. should rate the great Karl Gotch in the Top Ten. Karl has already whipped your Number 4 wrestler, Fritz Von Erich and, in addition, holds victories over the Bruiser, Bill Miller, the Masked Terror, Sweet Daddy Siki, Don Leo Jonathan and many others. If that record doesn't entitle Karl to a high place in your ratings, what does?

RONALD RINGO
Columbus, Ohio

THANKS FROM OVERSEAS . . .

Sirs:

Although I've been a wrestling fan for about 13 years, my current military assignment now prevents me from attending the matches. So I do the next best thing—read your two fine magazines. They give me, and many other fellows in my outfit, all the latest wrestling news. Some of the Okinawan athletes here have impressed me very much and I believe they'd be a big hit if they had the chance to wrestle in the United States. Thanks again for bringing a little bit of Stateside into our barracks.

A2C CHARLES HALLER
Kadena AB, Okinawa

Weingeroff and the Von Brauners

. . . AND FROM FLORIDA

Sirs:

On behalf of myself and my German aces, Kurt and Karl Von Brauner, I wish to express sincere thanks for the superb coverage you gave us in the Apr/64 issue. As you well know, it is of the utmost importance to our millions of fans that they are constantly apprised of our doings. You have done them . . . and us . . . a kindness.

GENTLEMAN SAUL WEINGEROFF
(Manager and Adviser)
Tampa, Fla.

MIDGETS PREFERRED

Sirs:

I like everything about wrestling—the villains, the heroes and all the gimmicks and hoopla. But most of all I enjoy the midgets and would travel miles just to watch the antics of Fuzzy Cupid, Sky Low Low, Pee Wee Lopez and others. To me, the little fellows are pure entertainment . . . and they're damn good wrestlers, too!

GEORGE BENTLEY
Washington, D. C.

GIRLS WANTED

Sirs:

Along with the many other readers who've written in on the subject, here's another vote for girl wrestlers! It has long surprised me that a progressive state like New York should retain such an antiquated law as that which bans girl wrestling. So c'mon New York—let's get modern!

RUPERT PETERSON
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

How can any state be so arbitrary as to keep the gorgeous likes of June Byers, Fabulous Moolah, Vicki Adams, Judy Grable and Anne Casey (to name only a few) from us girl-lovin' fans? Believe me, we'd find these beauties much more palatable than the hairy-monster diet we've been fed!

JOE ALACCHI
Throggs Neck, N. Y.

Sirs:

I move that we petition our political representatives in Albany to legalize girl-wrestling in New York. If enough letters pour in, I'm sure something will be done to repeal what is, at best, an outmoded law.

ED HENRICH
Westbury, N. Y.

KUHIO THE GREATEST

Sirs:

A few issues ago (Aug/63) you ran a feature on Prince Kuhio, but made no mention of the fact that he is the Hawaiian heavyweight champion. It's a pretty impressive title, considering the caliber of men he's beaten to defend it —Nick Bockwinkle, Fred Blassie, Lord Blears, Don the Bruiser, Ben and Mike Sharpe, Don Leo Jonathan and countless others. The Prince has lately been appearing as Curtis Iaukea—but to all his fans in Hawaii, whether he wrestles as Kuhio or Iaukea, he's still the greatest.

ELIZABETH NEVILLE
Honolulu, Hawaii

PRIDE OF TEXAS

Sirs:

Down here, in the heart of Texas, we have a young wrestler of whom we're very proud. I'm referring to Nick Spillios, Houston's wrestling school-teacher. Although he's been a professional a short while, Nick has already mastered the holds and tactics of a long-time veteran.

HARRIS I. HERSHEY
Houston, Tex.

• See page 56.—ED.

KANGAROOS WELCOMED

Sirs:

I want to be the first to publicly welcome the Kangaroos—Al Costello and Ray Heffernan—to California. To my mind, they're the best and most colorful team in the business and I gratefully remember the many evenings of enjoyment they gave me when I lived in New York.

LOUIS LUZAR
Los Angeles, Calif.

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This Summer/1961

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REVUE

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EVEN FOR WRESTLING — THIS IS TOO MUCH

By James Longstreet

We are the first to tip our hat to the creator of a clever new gimmick. But when religion is used as the basis for a gimmick, as in the case of the Mad Monk, we strongly disapprove

The "Mad Monk" slips into Houston, Texas, arena through a back entrance after eluding scores of curious spectators.

A Wrestling Revue cameraman went to the Monk's dressing room in the vain hope of catching him with his mask off.

NO ONE KNEW who he was or where he had come from. He sneaked into the arena wearing an ordinary outfit—black slacks, zippered sweater and woolen ski cap with pompon on top.

The only unusual thing about his attire was the flap on his cap. It was wrapped around his face, masking all his features except the eyes and the ridge of his nose.

When he emerged from his dressing room, however, he had undergone a startling transformation. He was garbed in a hooded black cassock with a white rope belt. Under the hood he wore a black-and-white mask.

Everybody turned to stare at him as he strode down the aisle. One fan nudged his female companion and snickered: "That's the Mad Monk . . . ? He looks more like Smokey the Bear!"

But others were aghast. They were used to seeing all kinds of odd-looking performers. These colorful showmen were good for the sport, invested it with pulse-hammering suspense and excitement.

But the "Mad Monk"? This was too much. In fact, it was blasphemous. . . . That was the feeling we got, too, as we watched the Mad Monk climb

through the ropes to wrestle Mexican star Pedro Petino.

Pedro had racked up an impressive record in the Southwest and shouldn't have shown a flicker of nervousness. But the sight of the Mad Monk seemed to unsettle him.

The only monks Pedro had ever known were gentle men dedicated to a life of quiet contemplation. How could he, therefore, justify attacking a man of the cloth, even though he knew his opponent was just impersonating a monk?

We were curious to see how Pedro would react when the bell rang. The Mad Monk took plenty of time to get ready. When he had finished surveying the crowd and his opponent, he slowly slipped the

The Mad One strikes a pious pose (left) after donning black cassock. Above: Everybody turned to stare at him as he strode down the aisle and climbed slowly through the ropes.

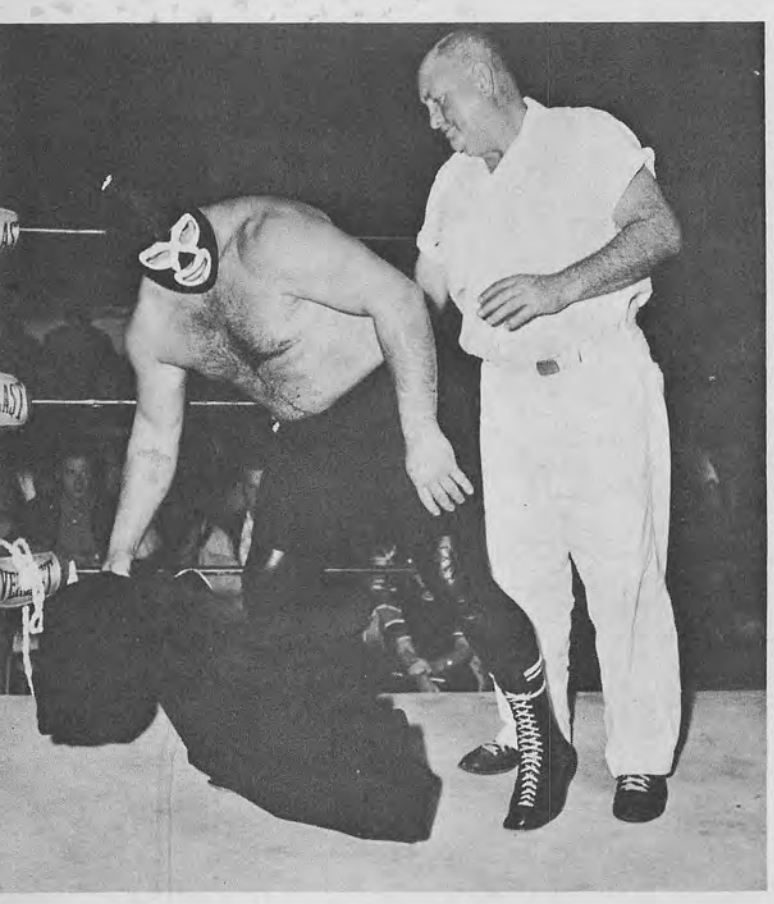
cassock over his head, revealing a powerful torso set on massive legs. He wore black tights with leather patches over the knees.

At the bell, he literally exploded into action and for the next few minutes all you could hear was the awful sound of bone crushing bone as he kicked, mauled and tossed Pedro all over the ring. At the end of this brutal performance, Petino was staggering helplessly, his eyes glassy.

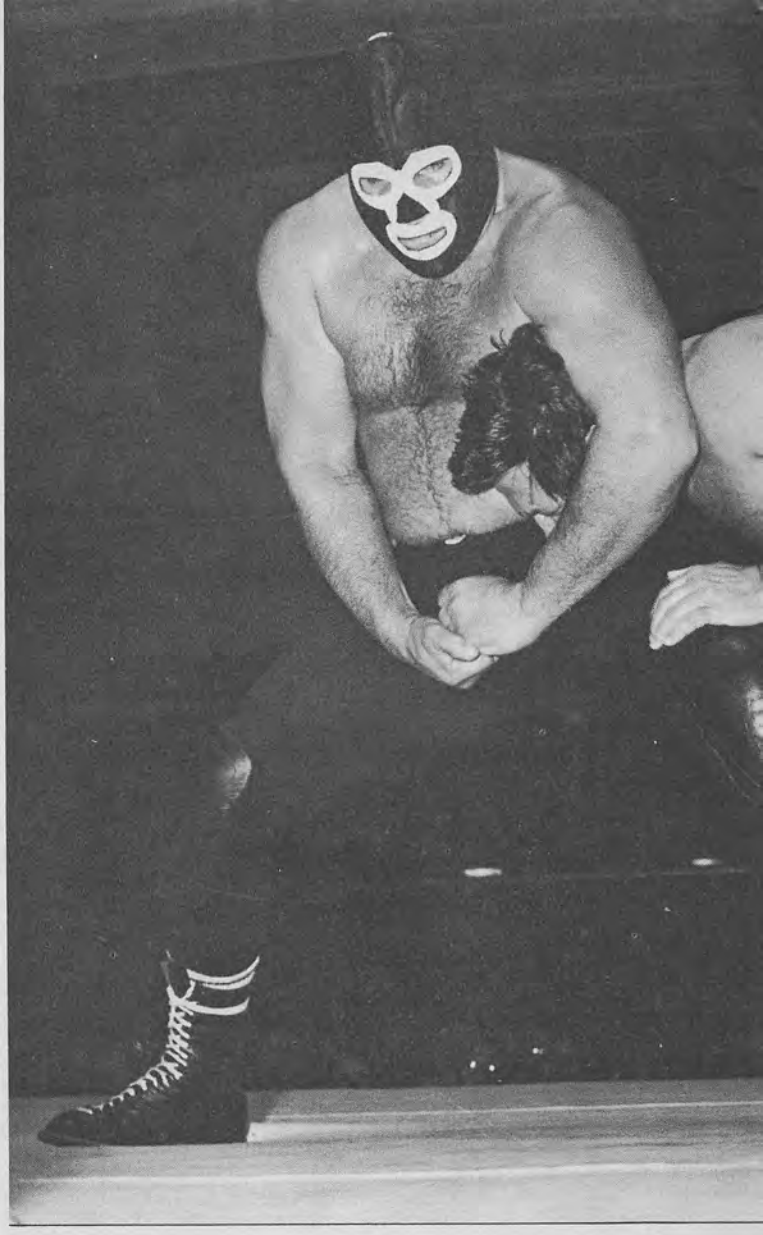
Not satisfied with administering this beating, the Mad Monk, who speaks no English, then gestured wildly that he would kill Petino if they ever met again. Then he hurried back to his dressing room, changed into his civvies and vanished. Yes, vanished . . . because no one has seen him since.

Maybe it's a good thing, too, for he left a bad taste in a lot of mouths. Not necessarily because of his brutality—wrestling is, after all, not for the faint-hearted—but because he had trodden into the very

The "monk" took his time getting ready and made a production out of slipping the cassock over his head. Some fans were shocked by what they felt was a sacrilegious exhibition.



With maddening deliberation, the "monk" folds his cassock, ignoring referee's plea to "hurry it up." In opposite corner, Pedro Petino waited nervously for bout to begin.



touchy area of religion.

We don't mean to assume a holier-than-thou attitude, but we do think the sport should stay clear of anything even remotely suggestive of sacrilege.

Wrestling's big drawing power lies in the magnetism of performers who have developed gimmicks that spell the difference between an average contest and one vibrant with drama and appeal.

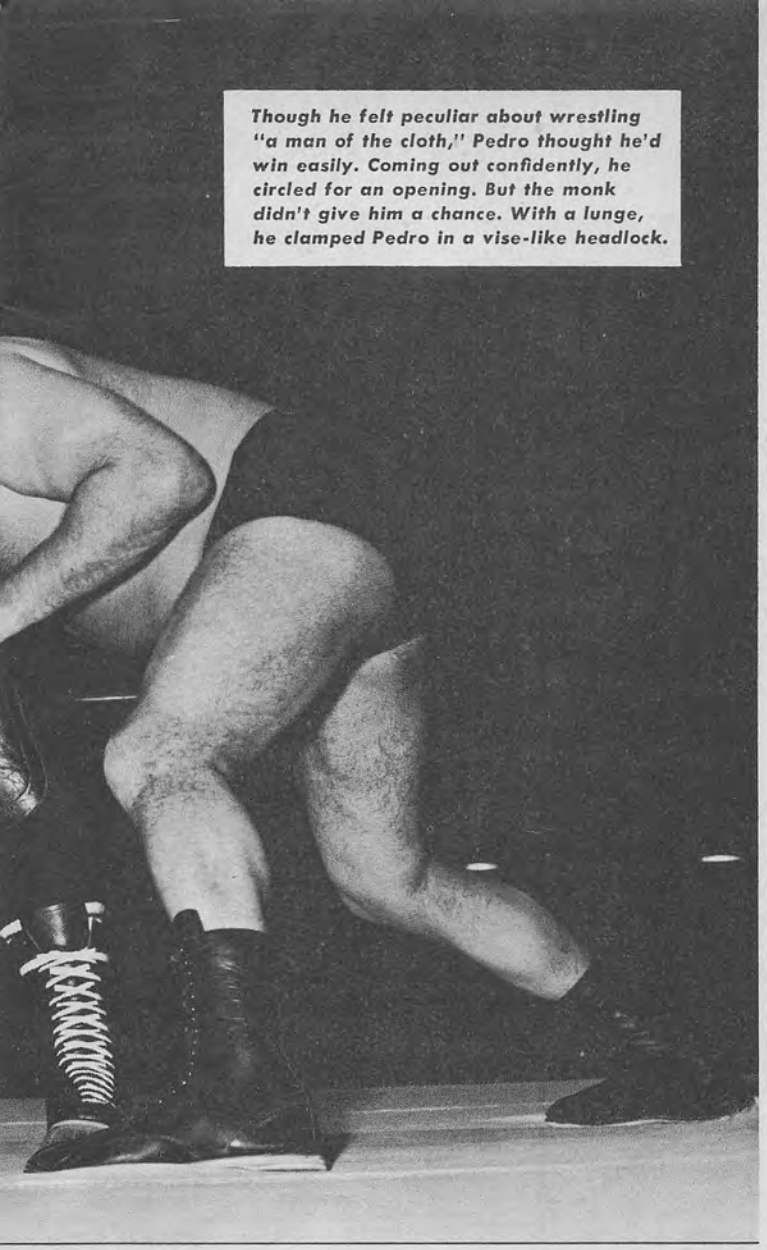
It's not easy to dream up a surefire gimmick. After all, there are just so many variations you can think of on any one theme. So when somebody does come up with a new twist, we are the first to tip our hat.

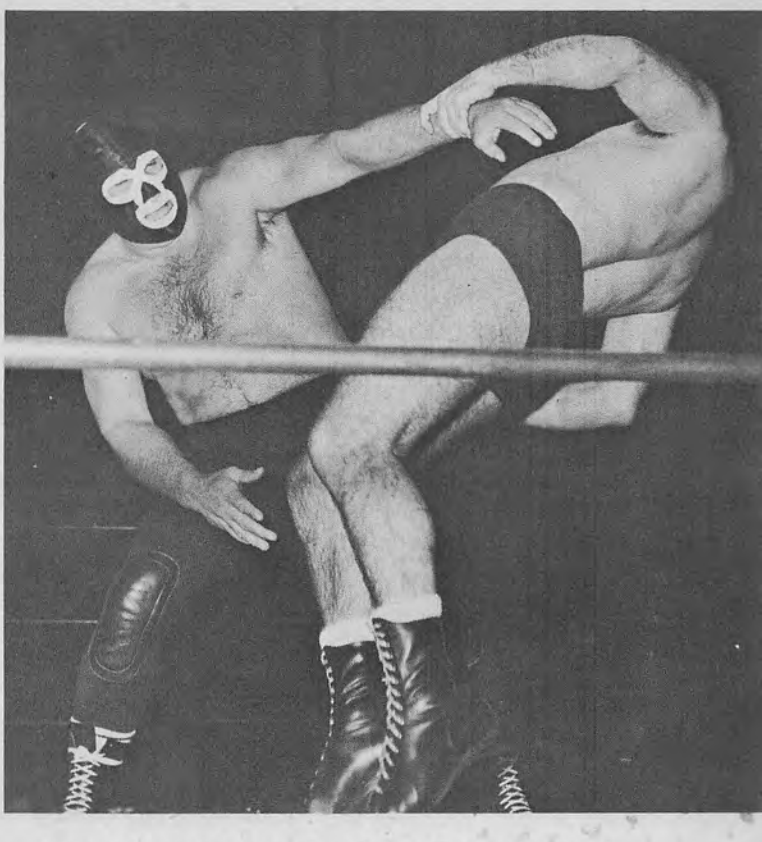
But there are certain taboo areas—and when somebody crosses the line, as in the case of the "Mad Monk," the result can only be detrimental to the sport.

So let's have our Destroyers and Mummies and Hillbillies and all the other colorful performers who have parlayed a genuine gimmick into a successful career.

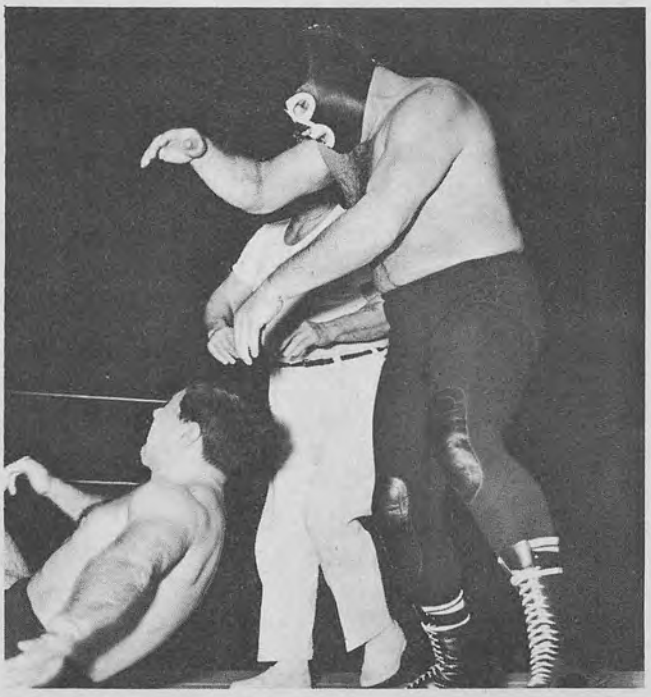
But let's not fall for something just because it's new or different or even startling. ■

Though he felt peculiar about wrestling "a man of the cloth," Pedro thought he'd win easily. Coming out confidently, he circled for an opening. But the monk didn't give him a chance. With a lunge, he clamped Pedro in a vise-like headlock.

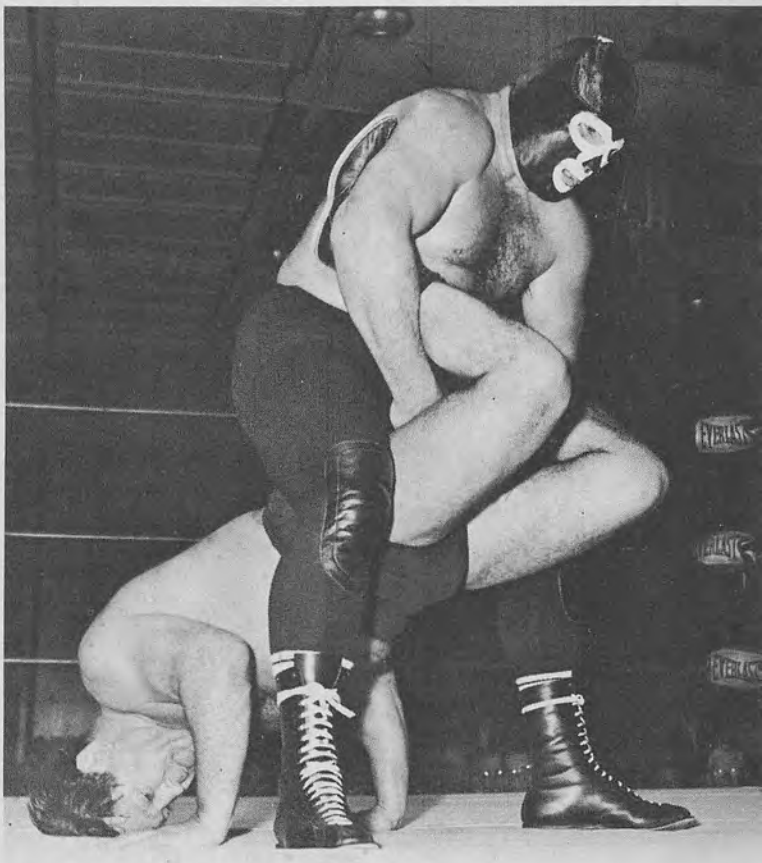




The monk's attack was so brutal that the fans shuddered every time he tore into Petino, slugging him savagely and pummeling him all over the ring. Pedro gamely fought back . . .



From that point on, the Mexican star didn't get anywhere. With a roar, the Mad Monk slammed him repeatedly to the mat.



. . . But the Mad Monk was too strong and, catching Pedro by the legs, upended him for the pin. His dirty tactics—and particularly his attire—left a bad taste in many mouths.

THE BOUT SAMMARTI REMEMBERS BEST

Big Bruno Sammartino has battled them all—Rogers, Kowalski, Von Erich, Graham, Monsoon, etc. But ask him to name a match that sticks in his mind most vividly and he'll think back to that night at the Detroit Olympia three years ago when Ricki Cortez waited like a tiger in the opposite corner

What Ricki Cortez is doing to Bruno Sammartino isn't cricket. But the referee doesn't seem to mind—so why should Ricki? As for Sammartino, he minds very much but is in no position to do anything about it.

The dressing room at Madison Square Garden was pungent with the smell of soap, sweat and rubbing alcohol. Most of the wrestlers, having performed their night's work, had already left and Bruno Sammartino, his hair matted and perspiration staining his trunks, was hunched over a wooden bench, slowly untying his shoelaces.

He had just won another in a series of titanic battles with Dr. Jerry Graham and he seemed totally exhausted and in no mood for conversation. But the Italian strongboy, a gentleman of the old school when he is outside the ring, responded with typical politeness when we asked him about the match.

"I won't say Graham is getting any easier," he grinned. "When I met him here last December—it was the first time he'd been in the Garden in two years, you remember—he gave me a terrible time for about 15 minutes until he jumped off the top rope and hurt his knee. A month later, when we wrestled again, I pinned him in

Text continued on page 68

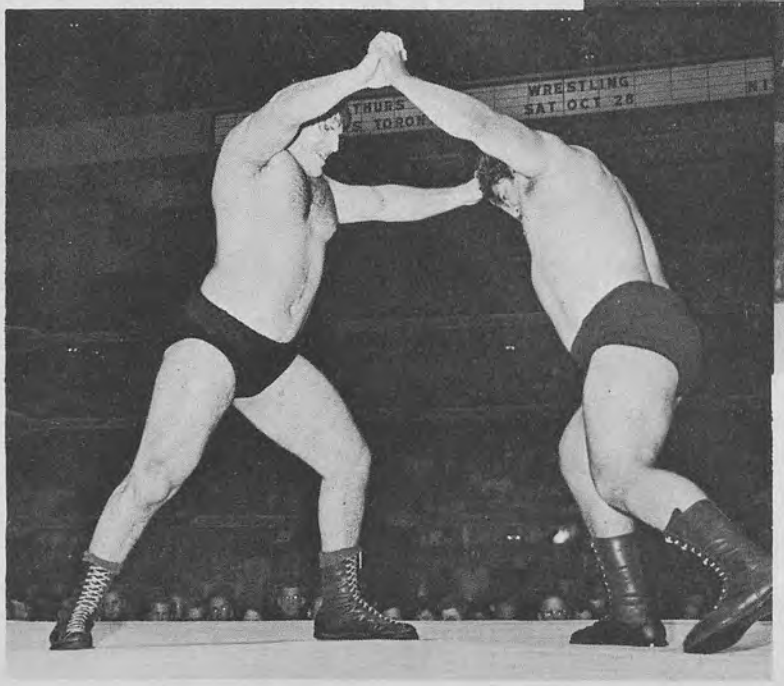
NO

By Allen Ressler

"Now I've got YOU where I want," snarls Bruno as he grabs Cortez and slowly forces him to the canvas. Moments before, only Bruno's massive strength had saved him from being strangled between the ropes.

Warned to cut out the dirty tactics, the hot-tempered Mexican waves a threatening finger at the referee. "No blankety-blank referee is going to tell me what to do," he says. "If you don't like it, get out!"

Bruno (left) came on strong in the closing phases of the bout. But earlier, Cortez had slugged him repeatedly on the ropes until, as Sammartino put it, "my back felt as if it'd been ripped by barbed wire."

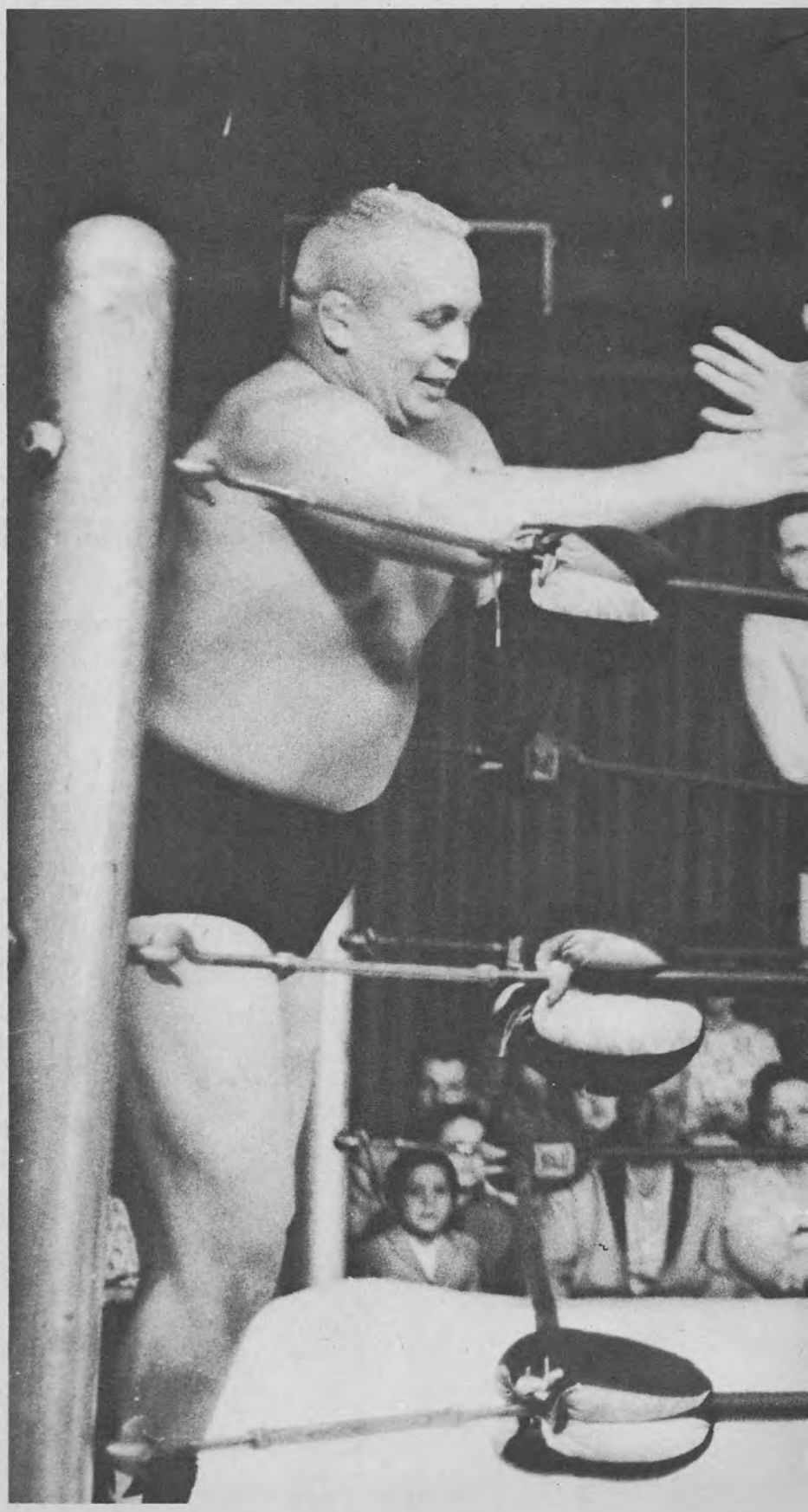


PHOTOS BY DICK

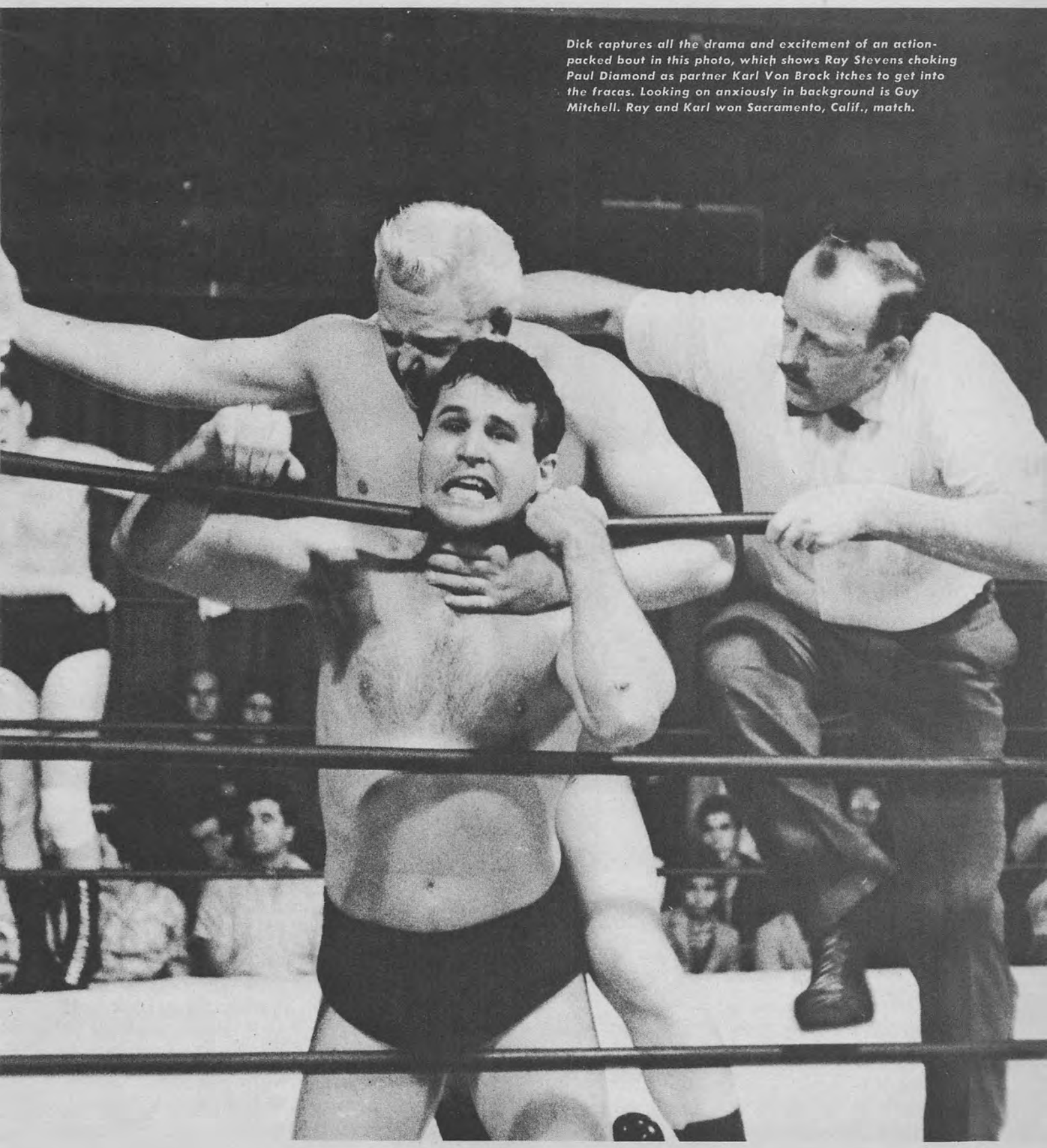
When Milo Steinborn, former big time strongman and wrestler, taught his boy how to wrestle, he never dreamed Dick (above) would develop a talent in such fields as music, art and, now, photography. But Dick's not through yet. "Maybe I'll write a book," he grins.

Put a camera into the hands of a skilled photographer—who just happens to be one of the world's top wrestlers—and this is what you get . . . . . .

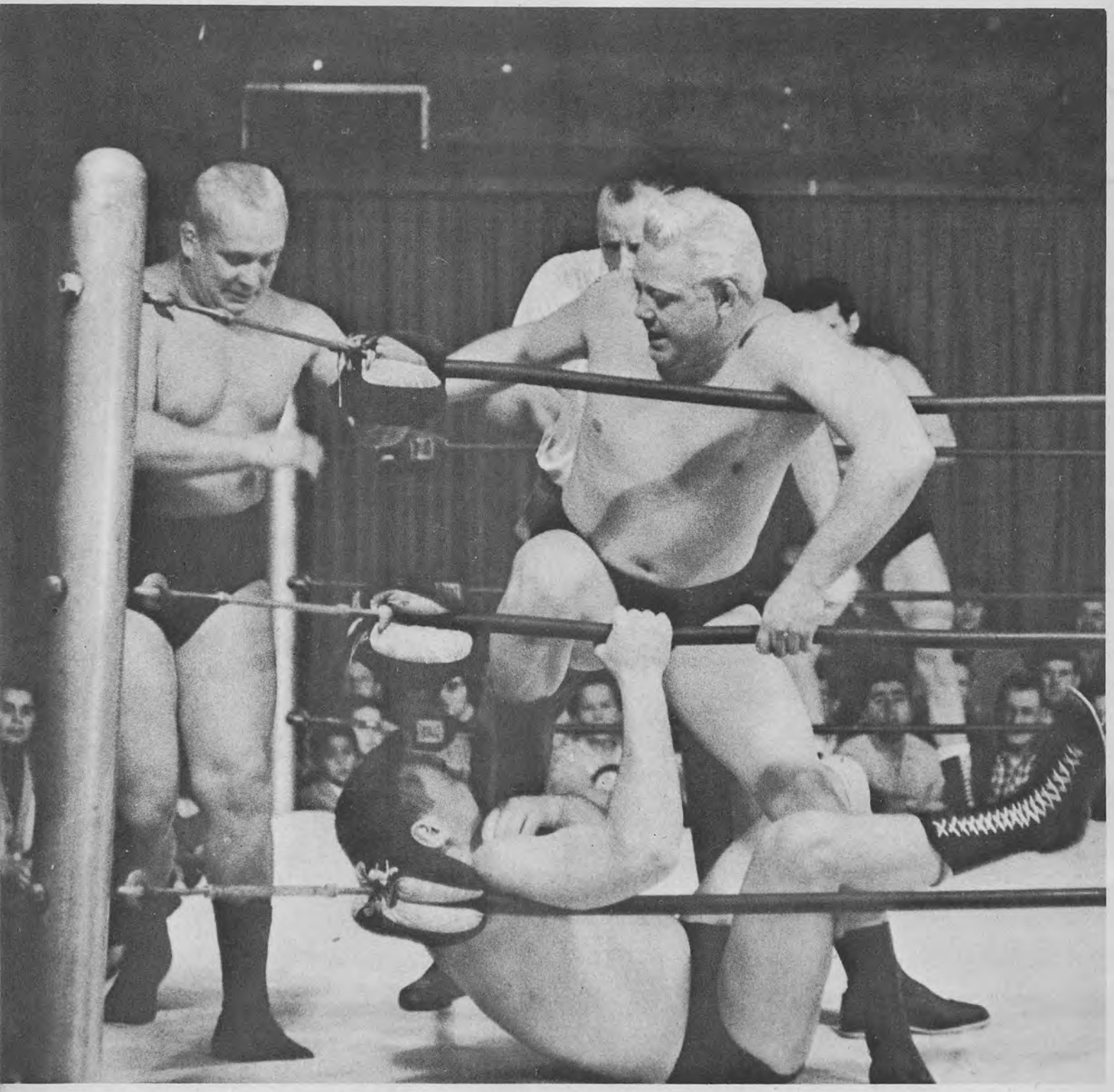
Text on page 16



IE STEINBORN

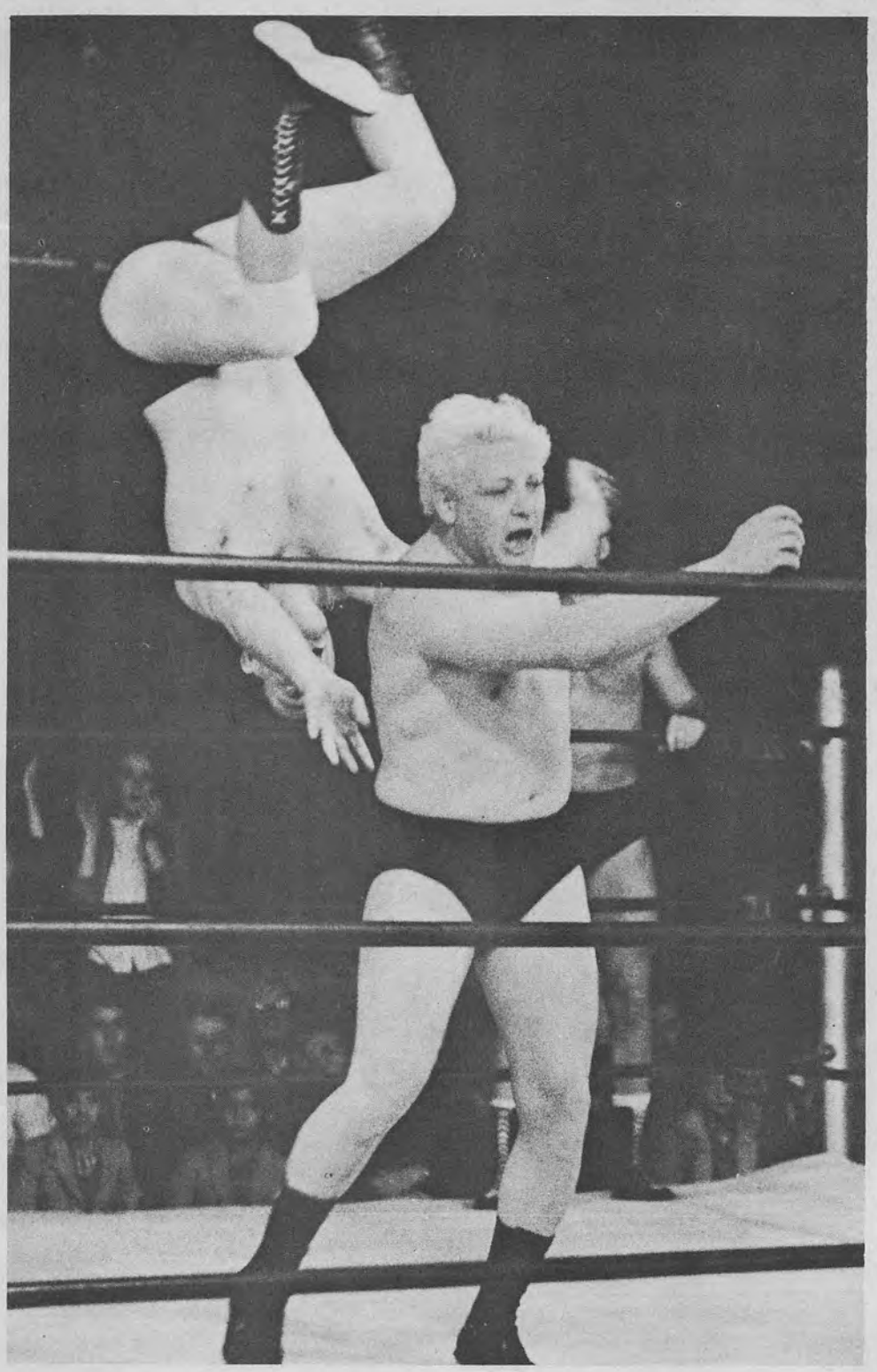


Dick captures all the drama and excitement of an action-packed bout in this photo, which shows Ray Stevens choking Paul Diamond as partner Karl Von Brock itches to get into the fracas. Looking on anxiously in background is Guy Mitchell. Ray and Karl won Sacramento, Calif., match.



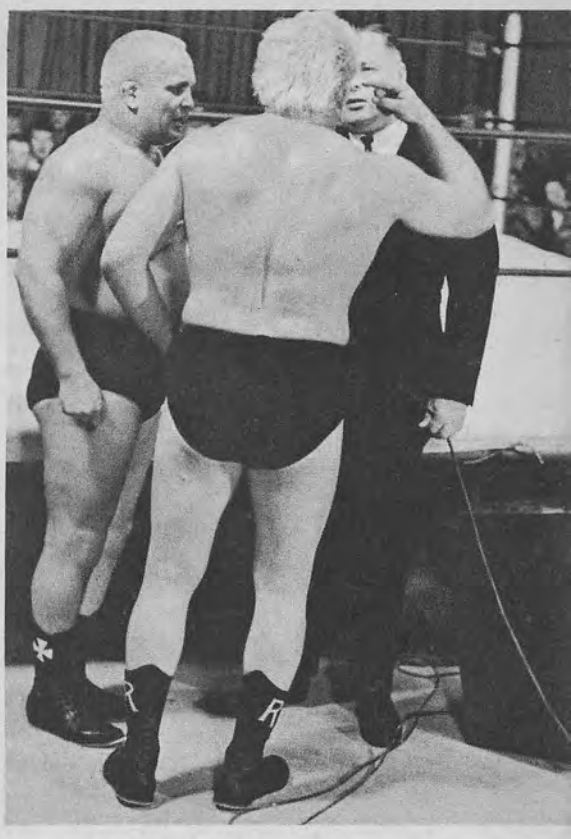
Steinborn's wrestling know-how enables him to anticipate the most dramatic moments in any bout. So he had his camera poised when Stevens maneuvered Mitchell into a corner.

WRESTLERS LIKE DICK STEINBORN never cease to amaze us. Give Dick a Stradivarius and he makes beautiful music. Put a brush in his hand and he paints like an old master . . . So we weren't too surprised recently when we learned that Dick had bought himself a Leica after deciding to take up photography in a big way. Nor were we surprised when he sent us some samples of his work. Writing from Hayward, Calif., he said modestly: "I am enclosing



With split-second timing, Dick snaps the peak of action as Ray flips Mitchell over his shoulder after explosive exchange. Stevens didn't give Guy chance to get set.

some wrestling pictures; I hope you can use them." Could we use them? We certainly could—for one glance convinced us that in no time at all talented Dick Steinborn had added yet another feather to his growing list of accomplishments. ■



After the bout Ray, with Karl at his side, tells TV announcer Walt Harris it took brains to beat their opponents. "We were too smart for them," Ray bragged.

Stevens found things different when Don DeNucci (above) beat him in solo bout in San Francisco's Cow Palace. "I got so much muscle," DeNucci informs Harris, "that I didn't have to use my brains."

THE HIGHLIGHTS OF GOR

Of all his wonderful experiences, George called those two fabulous days he spent in Chicago back in 1958 "My fondest memory." Here is the exclusive story by the man who conceived and arranged it . . .

Climax of Gorgeous' lone "parade" was a stop in front of the Chicago Theater, where his wife and "valette," Cherie, combed his marcelled blond locks.

FRANTICALLY WIGGLING her left hand, a wild-eyed woman pressed against the door of the spanking new convertible and shrieked hysterically: "Gorgeous! Gorgeous! Give it to me, Gorgeous!"

Gorgeous George, seated regally atop the back seat, beamed broadly and squeezed an atomizer. Squish! Squish! A spray of Chanel No. 5 misted her hand and she fell back into the crowd, sniffing her fingers ecstatically.

George now turned to the other women screaming for attention. Squish! squish! went the atomizer. One woman, fighting to get closer to wrestling's most flamboyant idol, yelled: "A Georgie Pin, Gorgeous—a Georgie Pin!"

George reached into a small box and, with ritualistic deliberation, drew out a "gold-plated" pin and asked her to take his Oath of Allegiance: "I solemnly swear and promise that I will never confuse this Georgie Pin with a common, ordinary bobby pin, so help me Gorgeous George." Then, like a monarch bestowing blessings on a loyal subject, he presented her with the pin.

This was the tumultuous scene in July of 1958 when Gorgeous George, back in Chicago after a four-year absence, toured the streets in a one-man parade ballyhooing his latest and—as it developed—final comeback.

That lone parade, which stopped traffic in one of the world's busiest cities, turned out to be the most memorable event of Gorgeous George's perfume-scented and ermine-wrapped career. I know . . . because he told me so. . . .

"Bob," he said, after all the hoopla, "I want to thank you for what you've done for me. This has been the happiest time of my life . . ."

He was referring to the parade I had arranged for him along with other public appearances during a hectic, week-long celebration.

I remember the first time I met George. I had lined up an interview for him on Jack Eigen's radio show and was on my way to pick up George at his hotel.

It was a sweltering night but in my excitement I didn't feel the heat. I kept thinking that after three years in the wrestling business, I was finally going to meet "The Fabulous One."

He was at the curb waiting for me when I drove up. With him was a shapely, dark-haired

GEOUS GEORGE'S CAREER

By Bob Luce

George stopped traffic wherever he went, squirting Chanel No. 5 on women fans. "Spray me, Gorgeous!" they screamed hysterically.

beauty, Cherie Dupre, who doubled as his wife and "valette."

Though George was smaller than I had anticipated (only 5'11" and 210 pounds), he impressed me tremendously. Maybe it was his impeccable attire and marcelled, champagne-blond hair.

Or was it his phenomenal reputation as the man who, with an assist from infant TV, had single-handedly boosted wrestling from the doldrums in the 40's?

I wasn't quite sure. Anyway, he had a warm manner that made instant friends. And as we drove to Eigen's show at the Chez Paree Lounge, I felt I had known him for years.

So I had more than a professional interest in mind when I gave him a rundown on what to expect from Jack Eigen.

Jack, I said, liked to stir up controversy by needling his guests. Moreover, he viewed wrestling as a ham-and-hippodrome affair, with George as its Clown Prince. Because of this, Eigen would probably try to tear George apart.

All during my rundown, I kept calling him "George." Finally, he gripped my arm gently and said, "Don't call me George; call me Gorgeous."

I felt like laughing. But when I stole a sidelong look at him, I saw that he was perfectly serious. He wasn't enacting a role—*he was just being himself.*

The line was part of the GG legend—the kind of identifying symbol used by many great showmen . . . like Jack Benny's "Hello again" and Ted Lewis' immortal "Is everybody happy?"

The legend must have been

Jack Eigen (left), who liked to needle guests on his radio show, was captivated by George, treated him with kid gloves.

especially potent that night because Eigen was completely captivated by the Gorgeous One.

The probing questions, the barbed remarks, the sly digs—all were missing as Eigen, putting on his most polished manner, hobnobbed with his famous guest.

As I drove home after the show, I tried to dream up a stunt that would shower George with a fresh wave of publicity.

This was going to be tough because I knew that George had utilized virtually every gimmick in the business since he had exploded into national prominence in 1941.

Before that, he had been working for doughnuts-and-coffee as plain, brown-haired George Ray-

Cherie sprays the ring with perfumed insecticide as Gorgeous enters the ring to wrestle the Bruiser in comeback.

Resplendent in brilliantly-colored robe with orchid corsage, George assails the "peasants" who dared to snicker at him.

mond Wagner — an unusually good wrestler but lacking in color.

Then he bleached his hair a la Lana Turner, developed a vibrant new personality and became a sensation almost overnight.

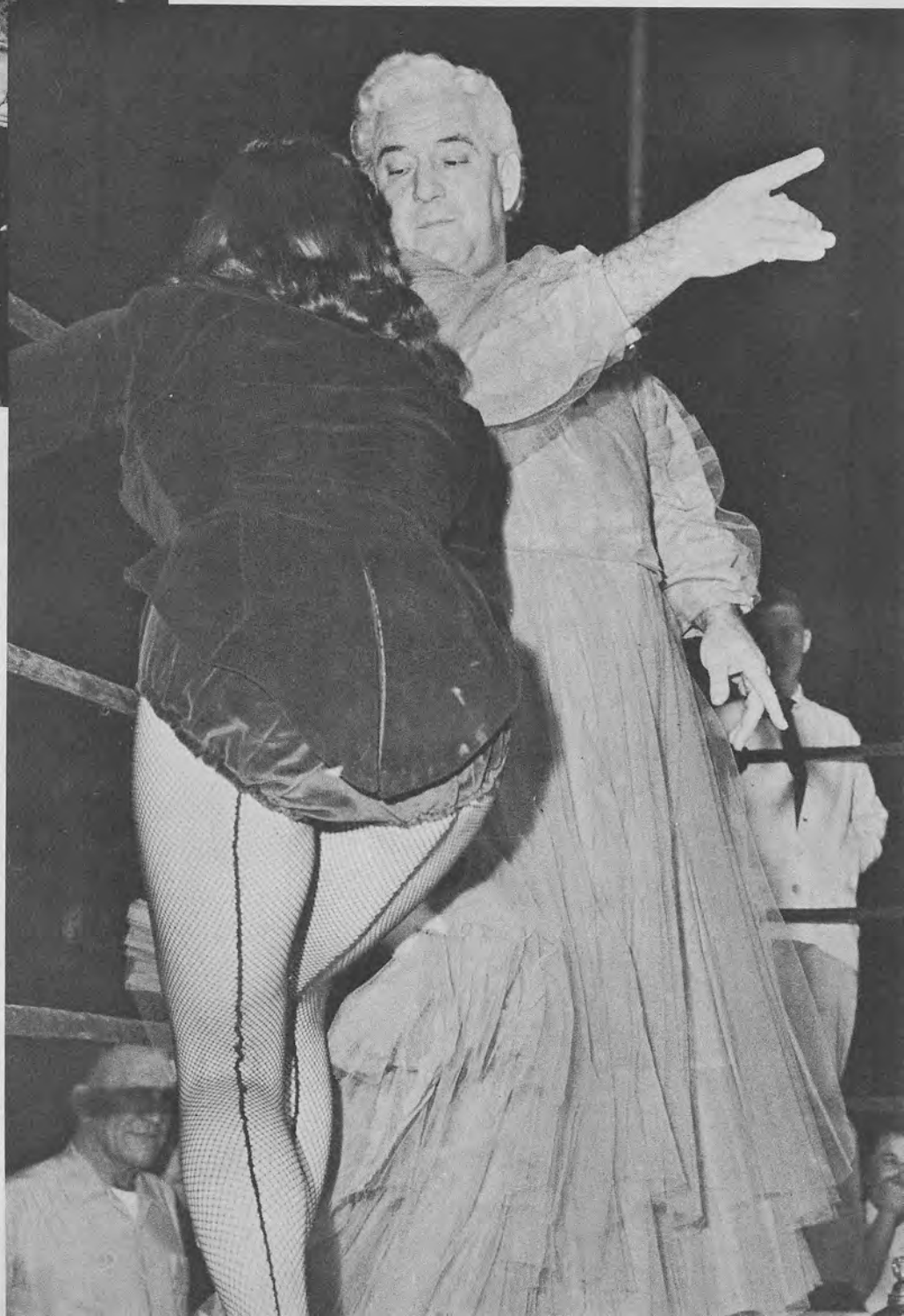
In time, he added the accoutrements that put him in a class all by himself.

He acquired a $50,000 wardrobe of over 100 dazzling robes of velvet, satin, brocade and silk, including a flowing ermine-trimmed job worth $1,900.

He traveled by limousine and trailer with an entourage consisting of a French chauffeur, an English valet, a Chicago bodyguard and a male secretary.

He always insisted that promoters reserve the bridal suite for him and he would enter the hotel preceded by heady squirts of Chanel No. 5. The bridal bed would be quickly stripped of ordinary sheets and replaced with silk ones bearing the monogram "GG."

He hired a succession of valets in striped pants, cutaway coats and brilliantly-colored vests to spray the ring, the opponent and even the referee with a perfumed disinfectant from a gold atomizer



Cherie pulls Gorgeous' expensive robe away from the ropes to avoid contamination. George had a fetish about germs.

The Bruiser snarled at Cherie for insisting that he stop soiling George's corner with his presence.

carried on a silver tray.

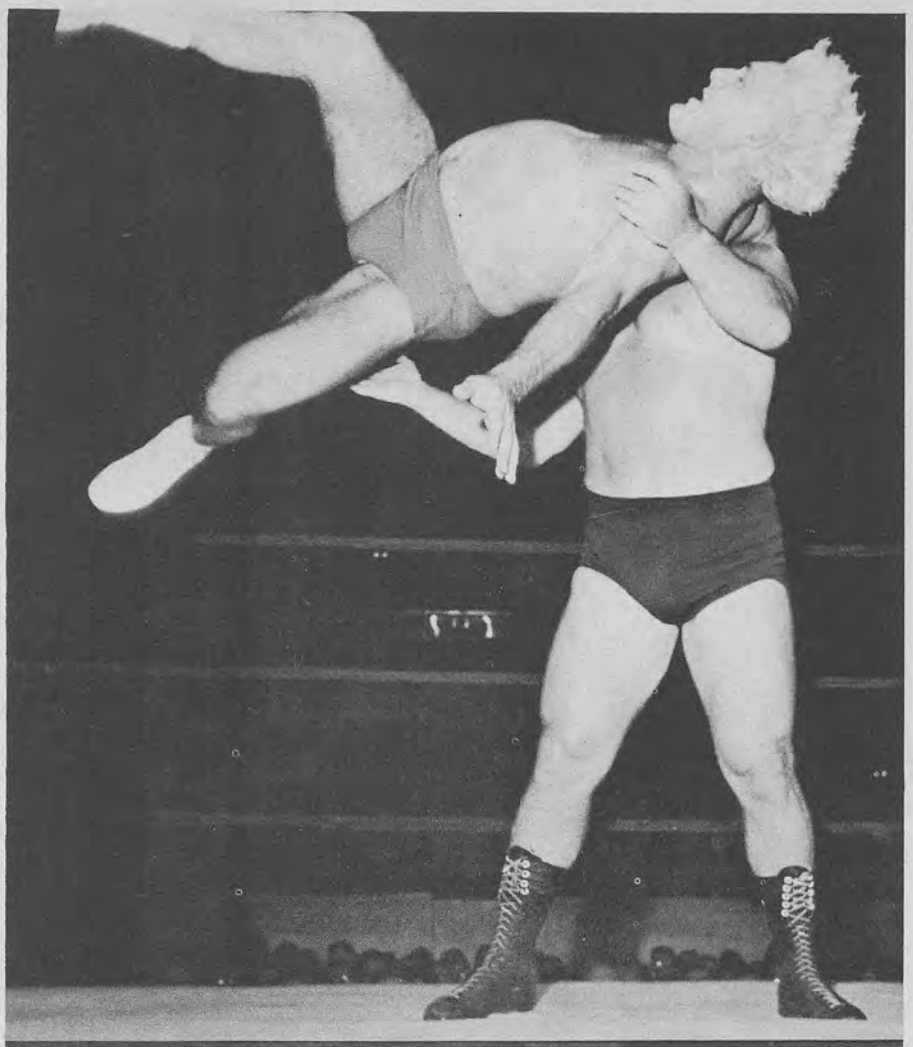
To complete the picture, he affected a mincing, effeminate strut that evoked hoots of derision from red-blooded fans.

He took this gaudy package and parlayed it into a $160,000-a-year bonanza swelled by thousands more from a vast California turkey farm and other lucrative holdings.

Those who saw him at his zenith will never forget the excitement he created. In 1946, when TV was spreading its national wings, George became its brightest star — ever brighter

Scornful of George's reputation, Bruiser went to work on him quickly, mussing up his beloved curls.

Then, hoisting him like a baby, Bruiser bounced George on the mat like a yo-yo for two straight falls in 12 minutes.



than "Mr. Television" himself, "Uncle Miltie" Berle.

In Chicago, when Russ Davis put on wrestling's first TV show over WBKB in 1947, the "Orchid Man" played before SRO audiences in every bar in town.

Another big mat favorite of that era was Ralph Garibaldi. Fans clamored for a George-Garibaldi bout and promoter Fred Kohler matched them at the International Amphitheatre on Jan. 14, 1949. They drew a crowd of 13,643—the largest ever to attend *any* event at the amphitheatre.

Everybody was talking about Gorgeous George—longshoremen, senators, bricklayers, society dames — you name 'em. And Gorgeous went on making a big splash, tossing orchids and Georgie pins to enraptured women.

By 1954, however, he had been edged out of the picture by the "new breed" of wrestlers—stars like Verne Gagne, Pat O'Connor, Yukon Eric, Don Eagle, Hans Schmidt and Killer Kowalski.

They viewed the Gorgeous George era, with all its kookie imitators, as passe. Moreover, the Chicago TV show, beamed over the 60-city Dumont network, was playing a dominant role in wrestling and GG, a West Coast product and a very independent operator, didn't seem to fit in.

Did Gorgeous care? The hell he did! He had carved a mountain of wealth in his rainbow-splashed career and now he would take care of all those business interests he had been neglecting.

He stayed away some four years—an awfully long time for a man who had practically lived for wrestling. And then the old craving hit him. He yearned for the color, the excitement, the applause and all the pulse-hammering drama of the sport he loved, the sport he had revitalized . . .

Continued on next page

Bruised and battered, his precious curls scattered, George looks the picture of defeat as Cherie tries to console him.

But his loss is too great to bear and Cherie has to help him from the ring as he staggers about, a living legend faced with the bitterness of reality.

So here I was, at 3 A.M. on a hot, humid Monday morning, driving home after my first meeting with GG, and trying to dream up a startling new publicity angle to revive the GG legend — and pack the International Amphitheatre for his July 11, 1958, meeting five days hence with Dick the Bruiser.

Suddenly I got an idea. The Lions International, in town for their annual convention, were going to stage a big downtown parade on July 9. If I could get Gorgeous into that parade with a float of his own, I'd have it made.

I broached the idea to my good friend, Carl Wilson, prominent figure in the Lions, who said he'd try to help. But the convention committee rejected the plan. Too "commercial." To hell with the Lions, I thought. George would parade without them—ALONE.

Three fast calls did the trick. The first, to a car dealer friend on the North Side, yielded a new convertible. The second was to another pal, Honolulu Harry, owner of a Hawaiian night club in town. He promised to fly in 500 baby orchids from Hawaii for George to toss at the crowds. The third call, to a sign painter, produced streamers to adorn the sides of the convertible.

George was as tickled as I was over the program I'd arranged for him. It included three "parades" broken up by a personal appearance at the famous "Back of the Yards Free Fair" in the afternoon. At 6 P.M., Cherie Dupre would marcel George's hair in the car parked in front of the Chicago Theater. And that night, George would be Honolulu Harry's guest at the Waikiki Club.

Everything clicked according to plan and as we rolled through the streets, Gorgeous had the time of his life. Perched atop the back seat next to scantily-clad Cherie, he waved at the people and they waved back. When he started tossing out the baby orchids, traffic slowed to a crawl — then stopped completely.

At State and Randolph, a bus pulled up alongside and the driver leaned out and shouted: "Hey, Gorgeous—how about an orchid for my wife?" George obliged. When the ladies in the bus saw that, they scrambled out to get orchids for themselves. Even the traffic cop came over for a gift. George magnanimously gave him not only an orchid but a Georgie pin and drenched him with Chanel

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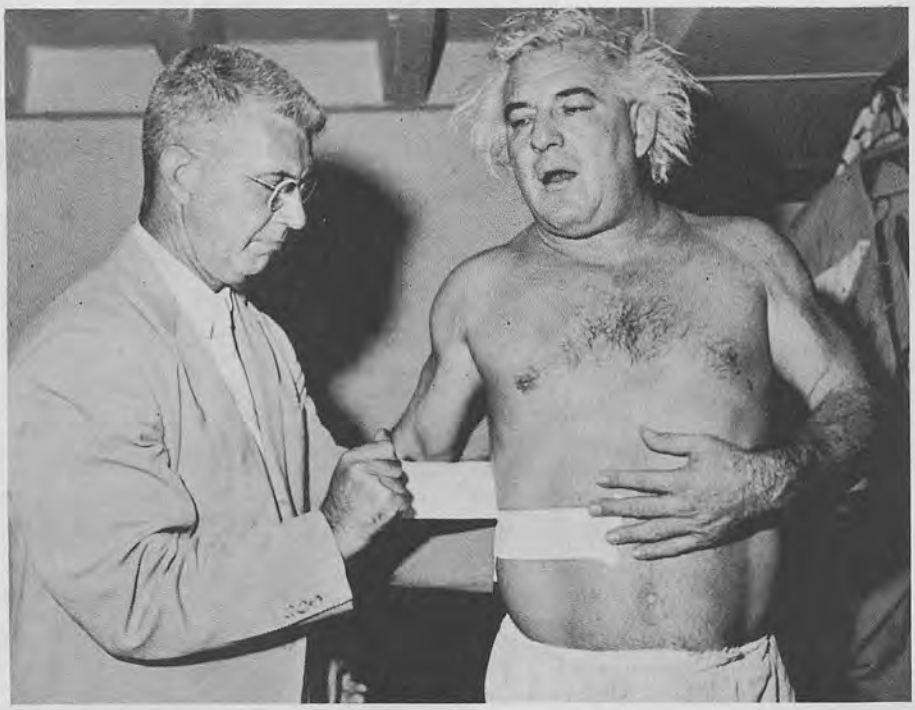


George heaves with exhaustion as a doctor tapes his ribs. He had suffered a crushing defeat—but nothing could erase the memory of that rousing parade.

AROUND THE MAT CIRCUITS

Montreal
Kansas City, Kan.
New York, N.Y.
Atlanta
St. Louis

THE STARS

Ed Carpentier
The Beast
The Mongolian Stomper
Jack Allen
Bobo Brazil

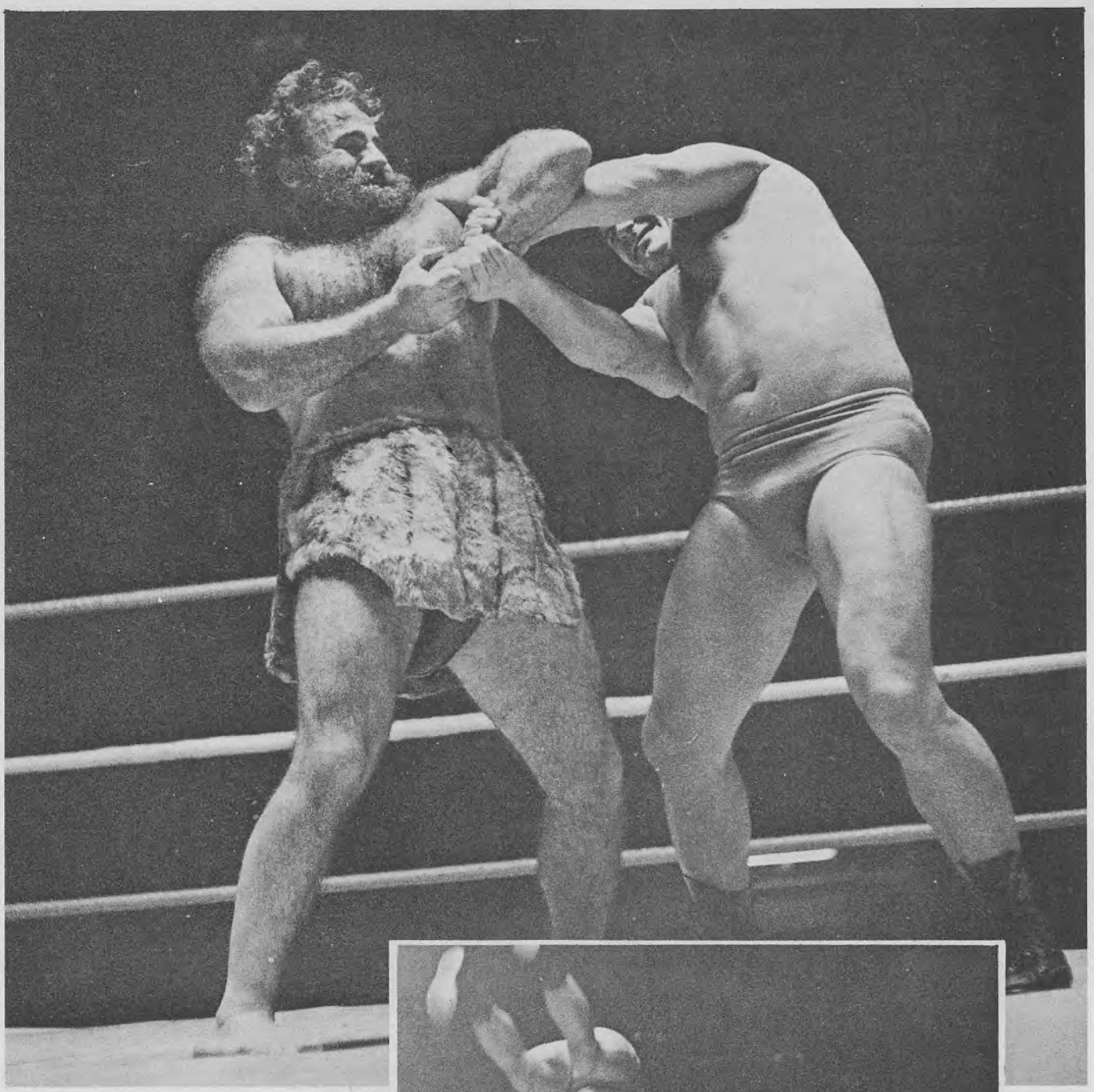
Gorilla Monsoon
Joe Scarpa
Taro Myaki
The Bruiser
Maurice La Pointe

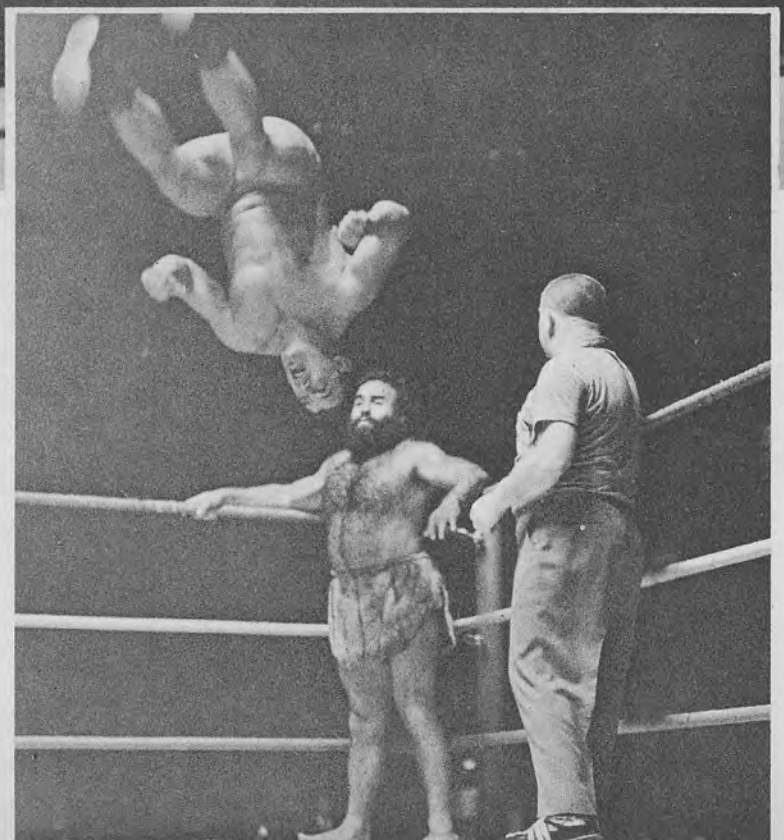
MONTREAL

ED CARPENTIER VS. THE BEAST

This won't come as any surprise, but The Beast doesn't have very many friends. In fact, most fans will tell you he has only one pal—his manager, Tony Angelo.

Edouard Carpentier extends a friendly mitt but it's just a gesture. Ed knows you can trust The Beast only as far as you can throw a Sherman tank.





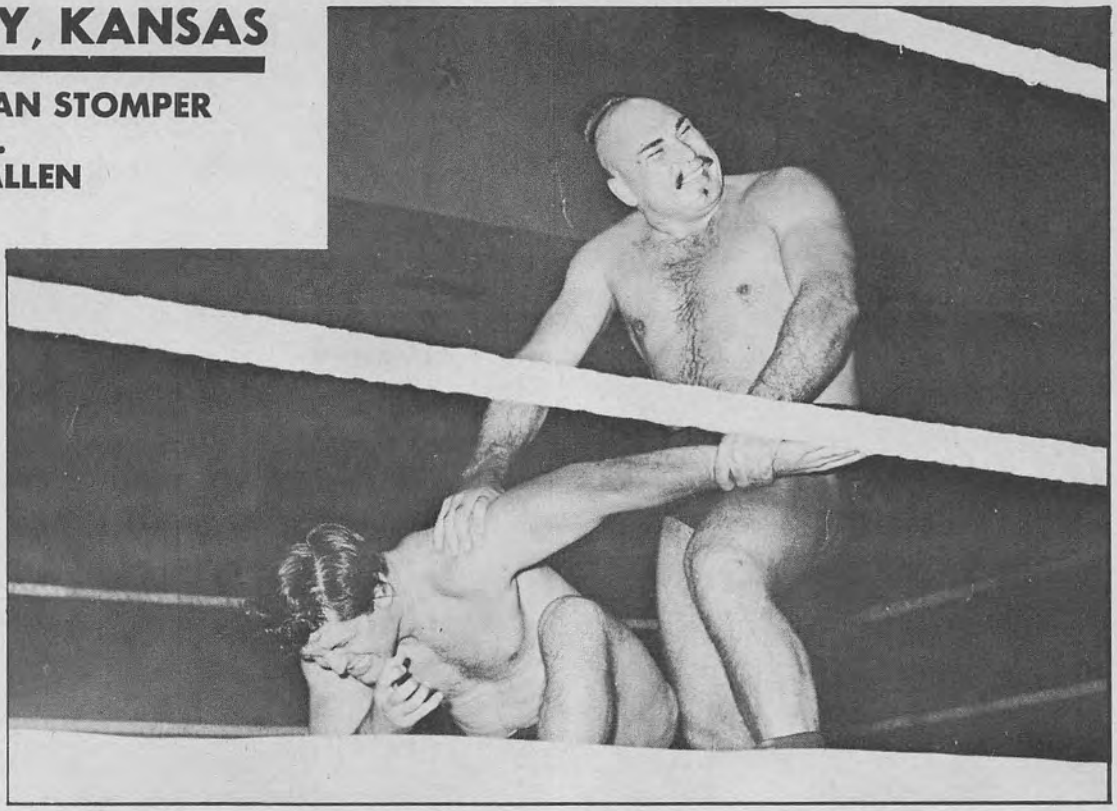
Left: The Beast hides behind his manager as Ed angrily lunges for his throat. Carpentier was boiling because The Beast had tried to gouge his eyes out.

Above: In test of strength, Carpentier struggles to break The Beast's hold. He finally did and body-slammed the bearded monster into a turnbuckle.

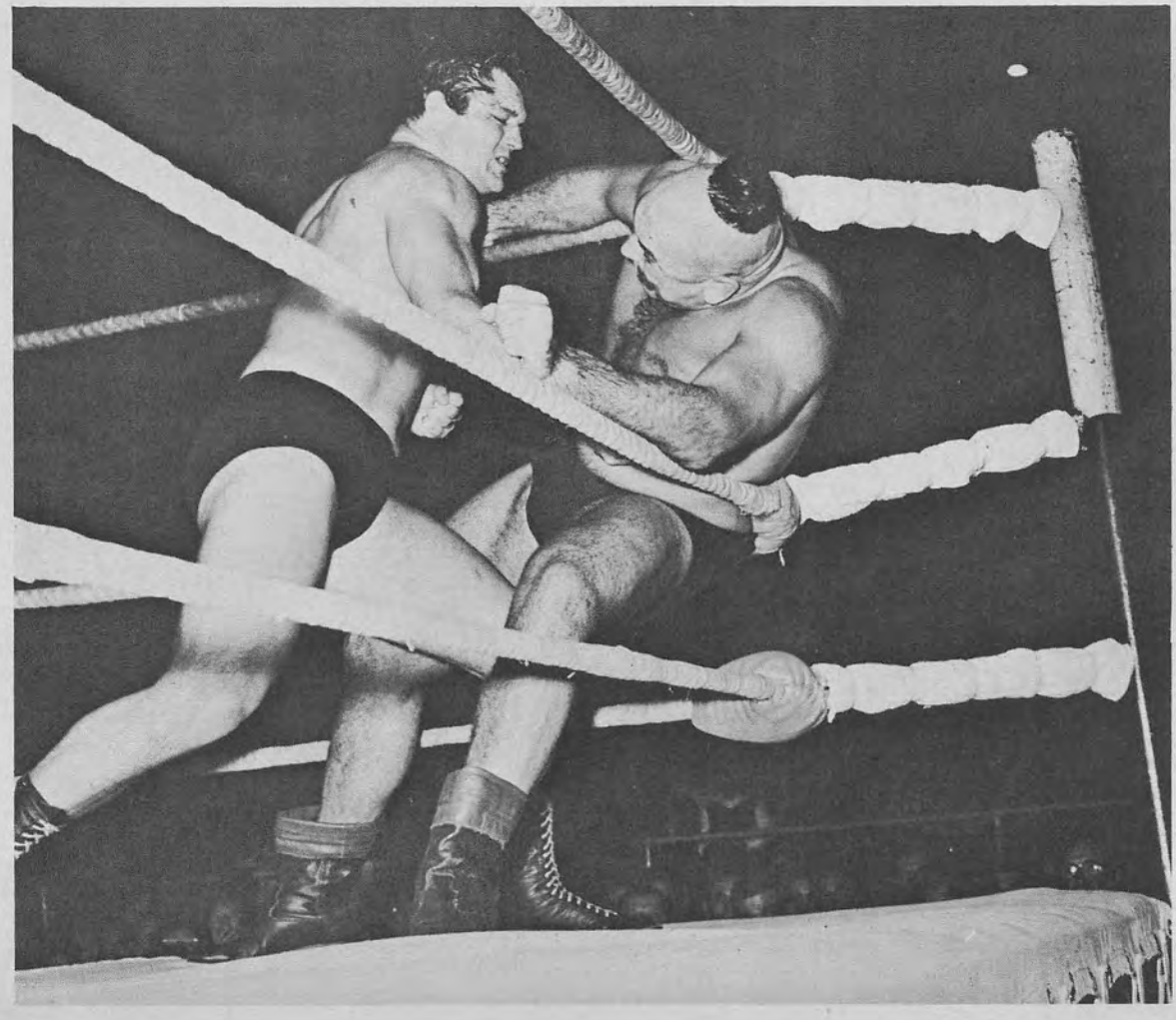
The Beast looks like a casual observer as Ed does somersault. Actually, he's so dazed he can hardly stand up. A moment later, he slumped to the mat.

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

THE MONGOLIAN STOMPER VS. JACK ALLEN

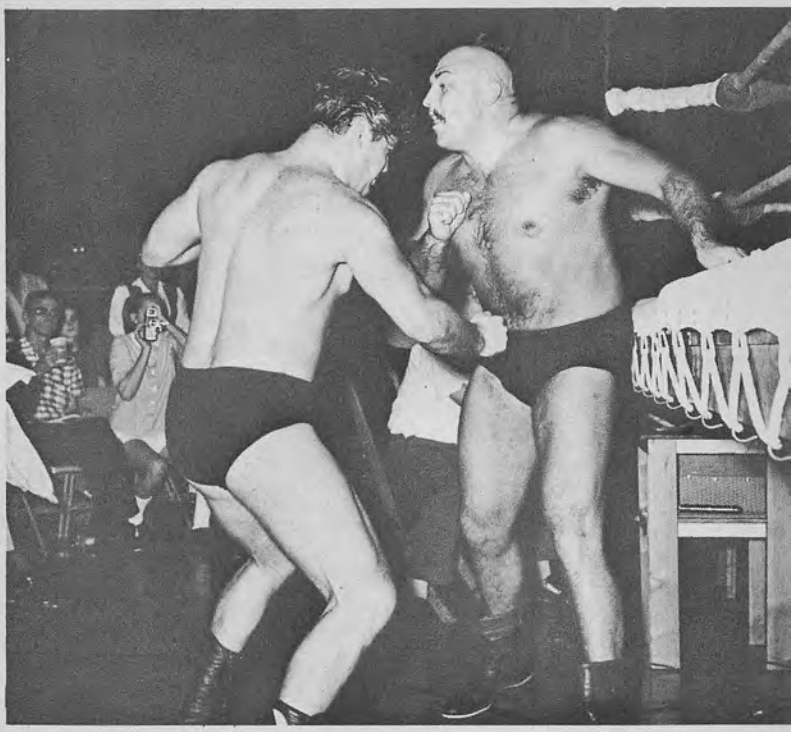


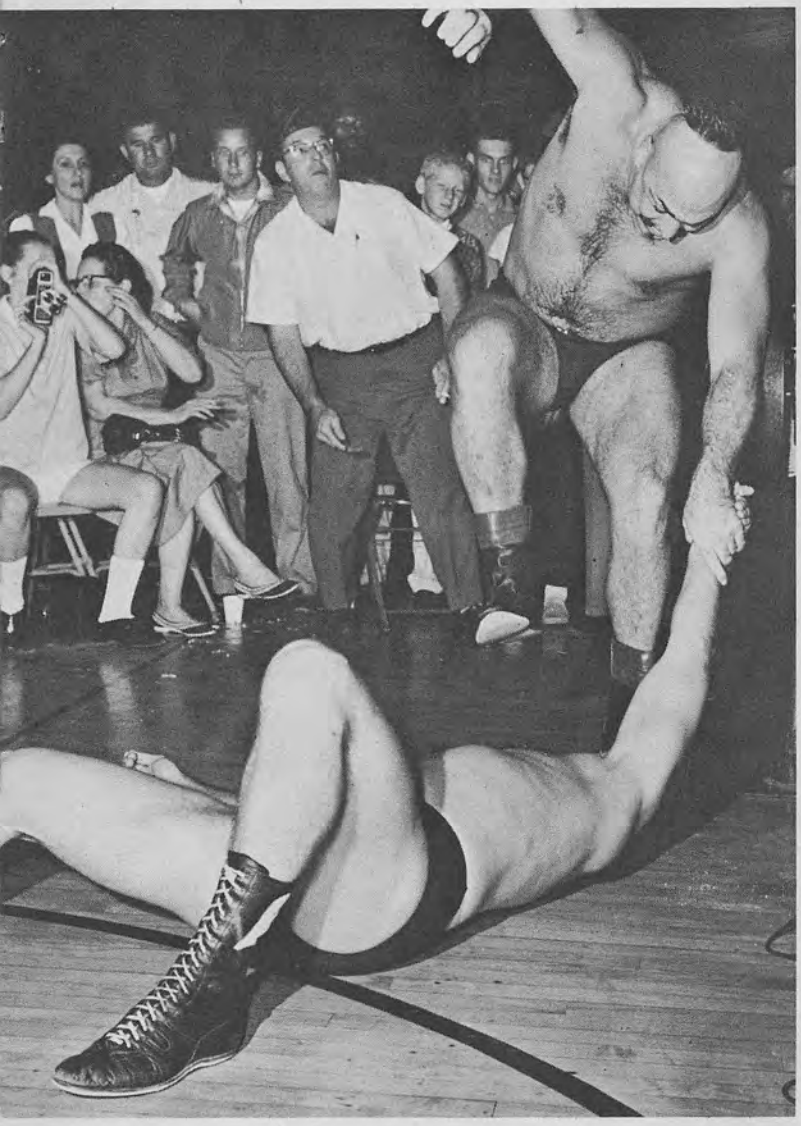
Jack Allen sneered at reports that the Mongolian Stomper was so tough nobody wanted to wrestle him. "I'll murder that bum," he bragged. But it was a different story in the ring, as you can see from this photo.



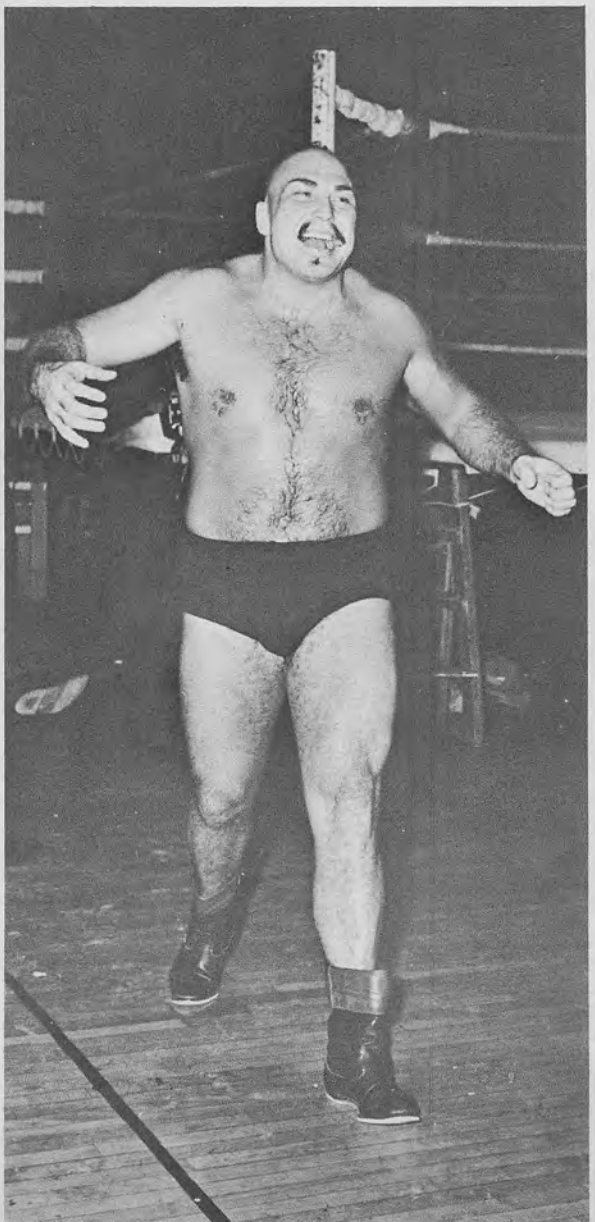
Still, Jack is a mighty tough hombre himself and, after taking a lambasting, he rammed The Stomper into the turnbuckles and proceeded to take him apart . . .

. . . Then Jack blasted him out of the ring and, with the fans egging him on, slugged The Stomper repeatedly in the belly. The 280-pound Mongolian reeled with every blow, but Jack soon tired himself out and . . .





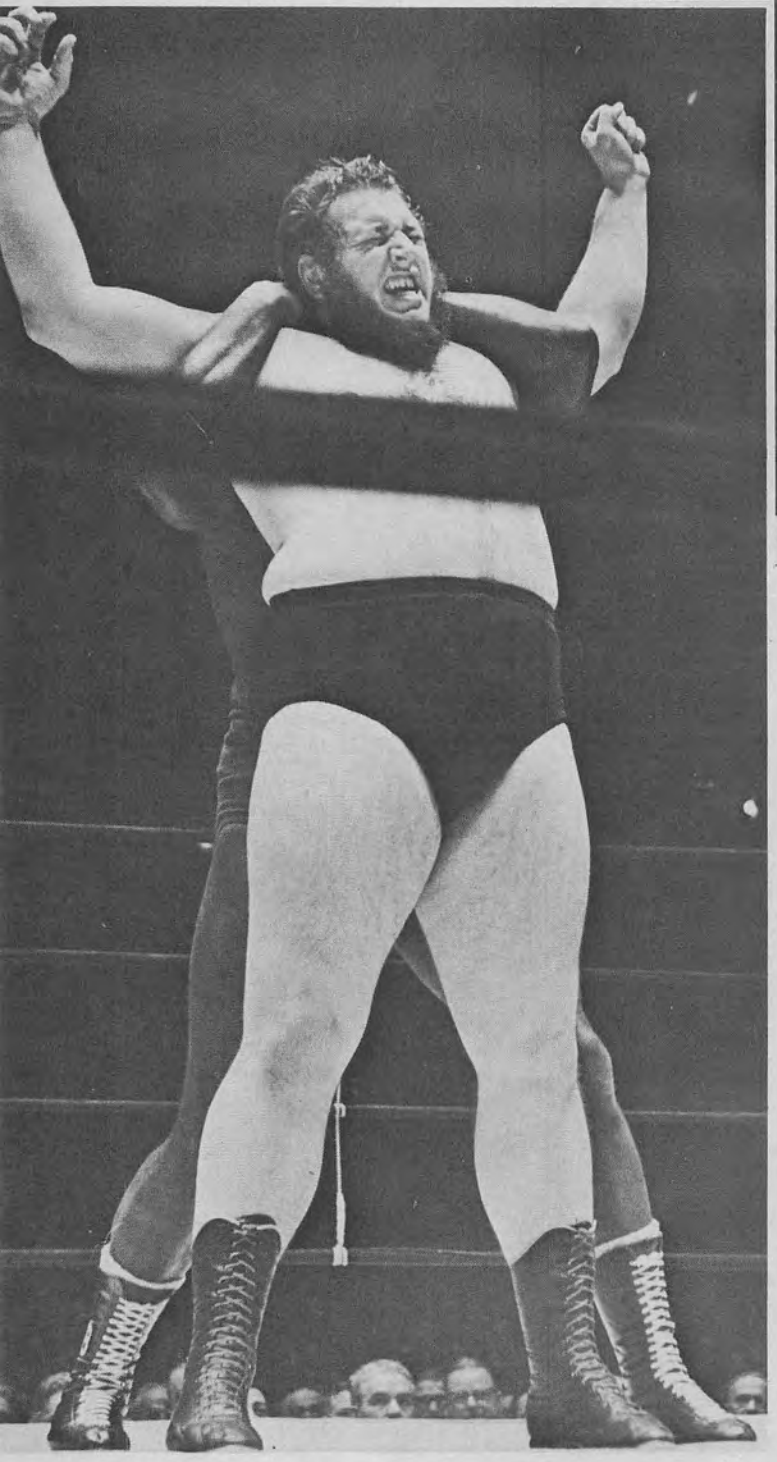
. . . The Mongolian smashed him to the boards and stomped all over him. "Stop it!" the fans yelled. But he wasn't through yet. He let Jack struggle back into the ring, then finished him off by ramming him into a turnbuckle.



Flexing his muscles in victory, The Stomper howls with glee as he heads for his dressing room. The fans didn't share his elation and glared at him in stony silence as he strode by.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

BOBO BRAZIL VS. GORILLA MONSOON

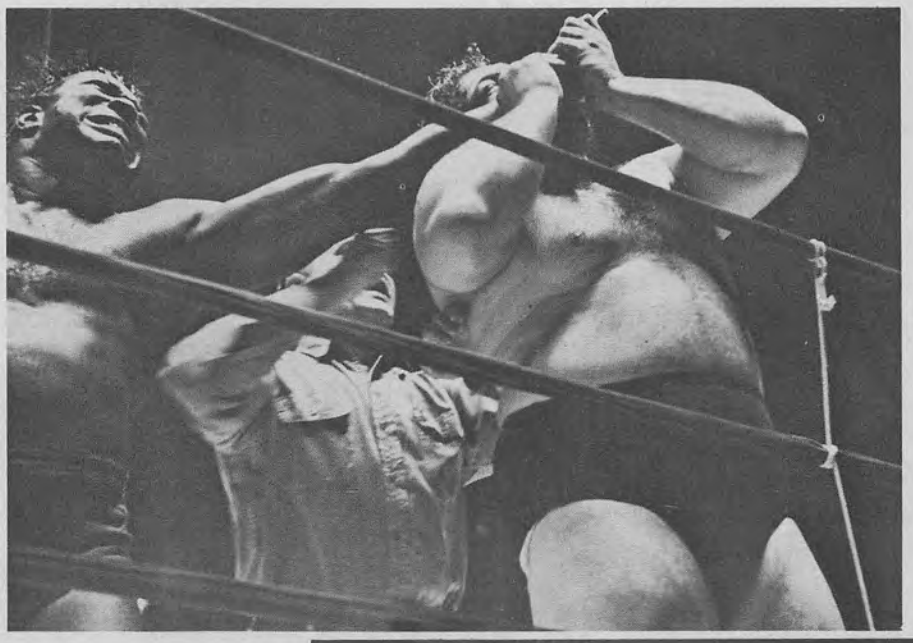


Bobo Brazil had everybody in Madison Square Garden rooting for him when he nailed the mighty Monsoon like this. The Gorilla huffed and he puffed—but he couldn't break loose.

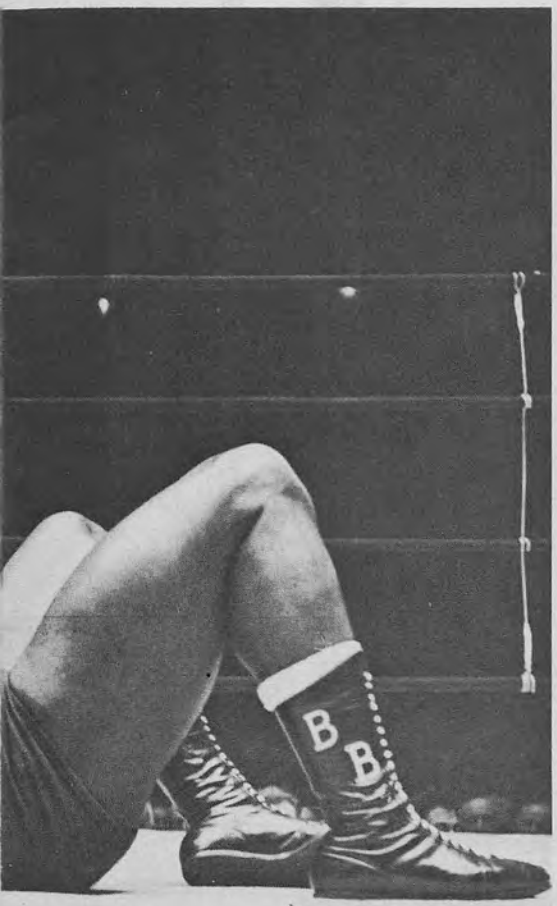
Monsoon finally had to yank Bobo over his head to snap the hold. But Brazil lunged right back and caught him in a vicious wristlock that left the Gorilla gasping with pain.

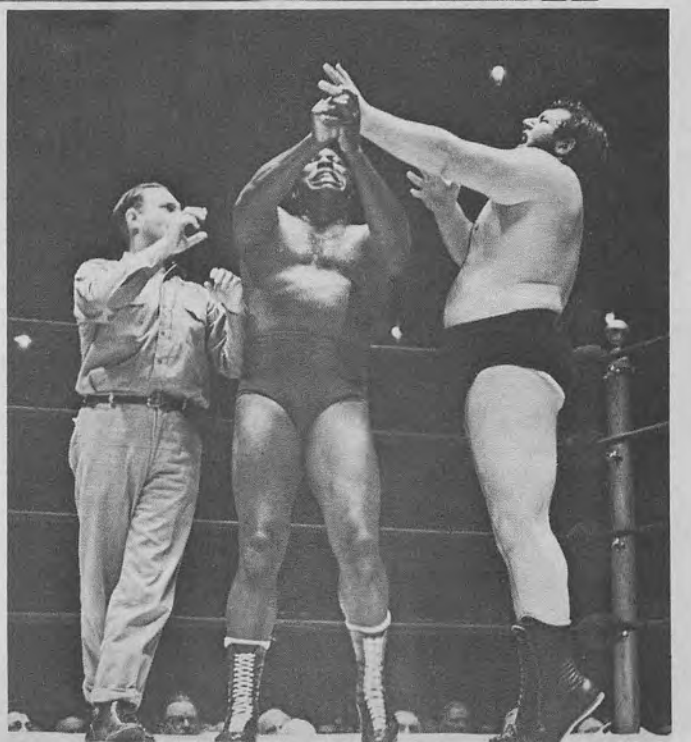
The action exploded with such fury that few fans could follow it. When the rosin dust cleared, however, Bobo was flat on his back with his wrist clamped in Gorilla's big paws.

Brazil doesn't stay on his back very long, though. Kicking Monsoon in the head, he body-slammed him across the ring and then draped him over the top rope. For good measure he gave Gorilla the back of his hand.



Trapped in a corner, the Gorilla does what comes naturally—he sinks his huge molars into the hand that whacked him. The referee tries to stop him but Monsoon just keeps gnawing away as Brazil grimaces.

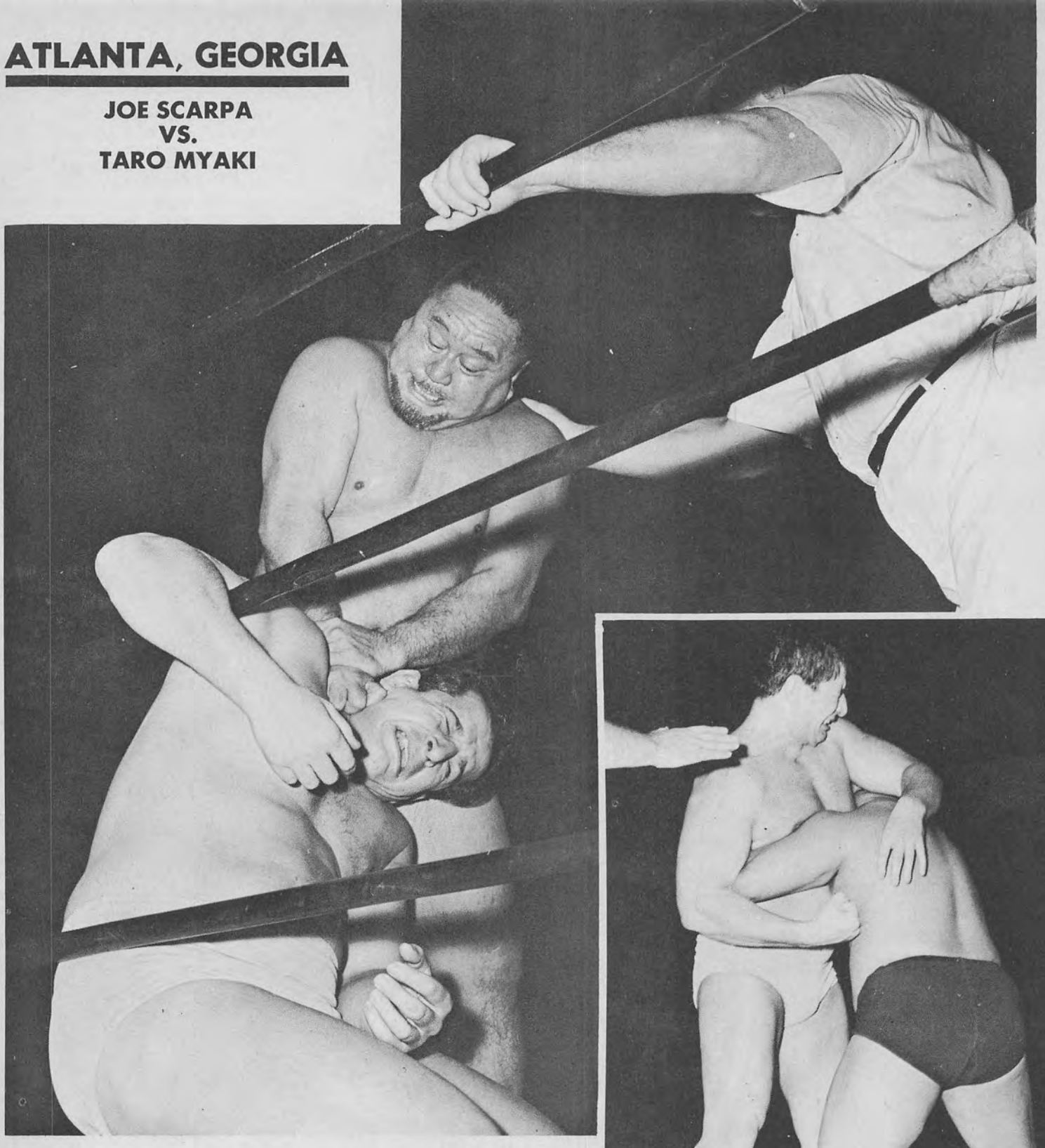




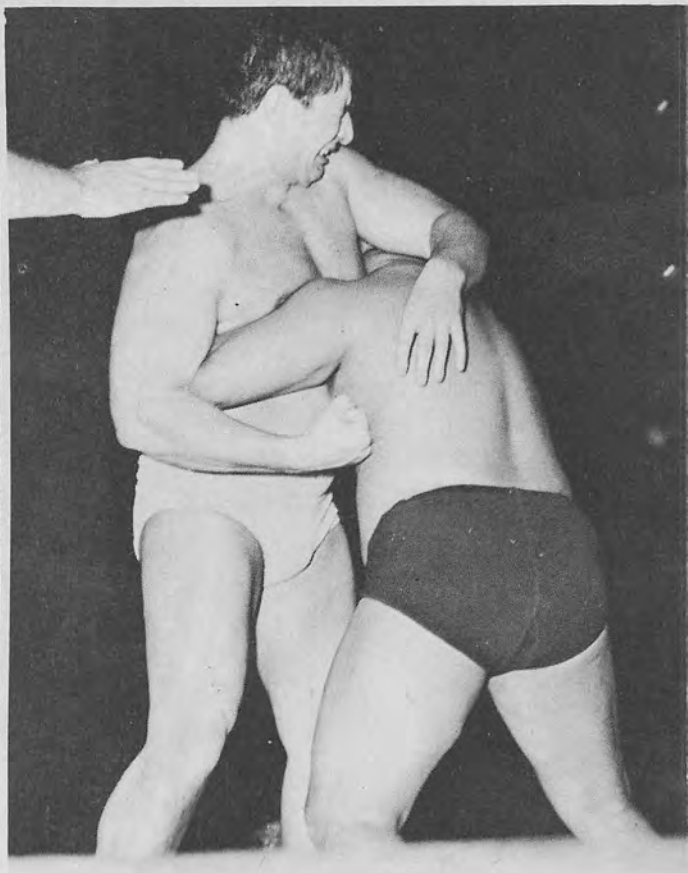
Just before the end, Bobo grabs Monsoon's left hand and tries to rip off one of the fingers. Gorilla howled with pain but resisted the surgery and slammed back in a blazing finale that wound up in a draw.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

JOE SCARPA VS. TARO MYAKI

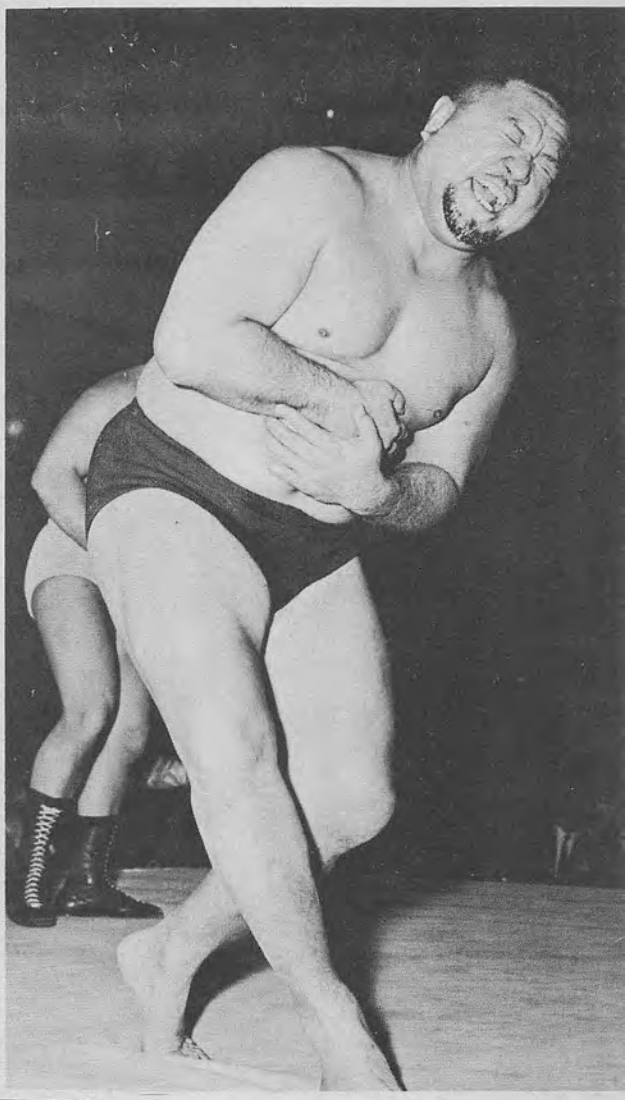


Ask Taro Myaki of Japan what he likes to do best and he'll grunt: "Beat Americans." He tried to add Joe Scarpa of Mobile, Ala., to his list, using such dainty tactics as gouging and neck-breaking.



When the bruised and battered Scarpa attempted to slug back, Taro grabbed him in a bear hug, lifted him off his feet and bashed him into the ropes with such force that Joe crumpled.

Shaking his head to clear the cobwebs, Joe bravely got up only to run into another barrage. Then Myaki got careless and Scarpa clipped him on the jaw and doubled him up with a piledriver right to the gut.



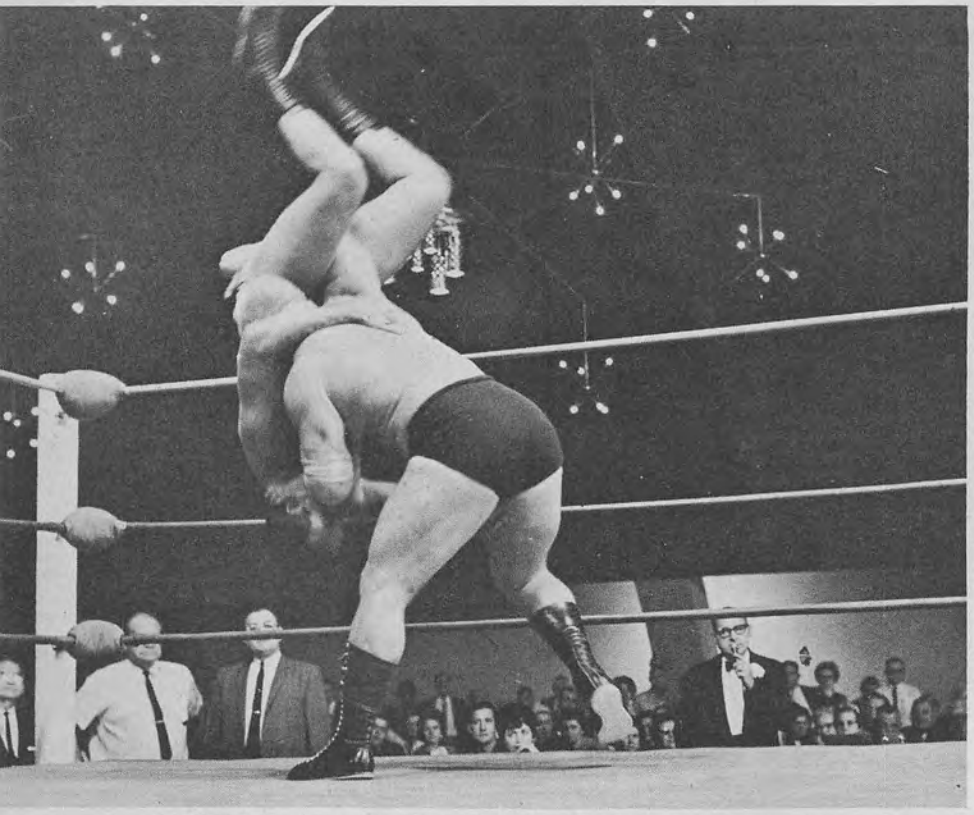
Taro utters a string of Japanese oaths as he clutches his belly in pain. When Scarpa slugs 'em, they usually stay slugged and everybody thought Joe had won the match . . .

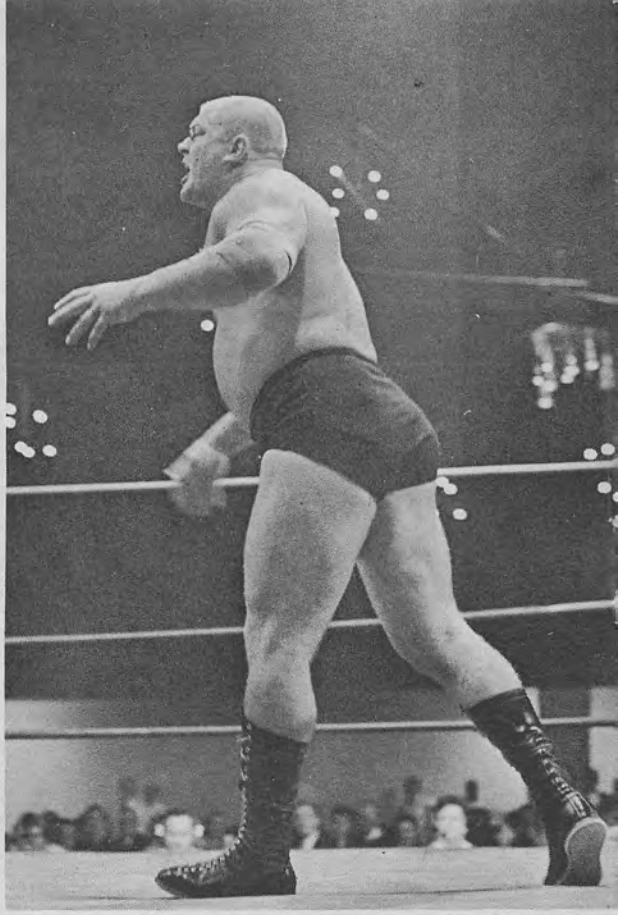
. . . But Taro, putting on an incredible performance, recovered sufficiently to hold Joe to a draw. Heading back to his dressing room, Taro still feels the effects of Scarpa's attack.

ST. LOUIS

THE BRUISER VS. MAURICE LA POINTE

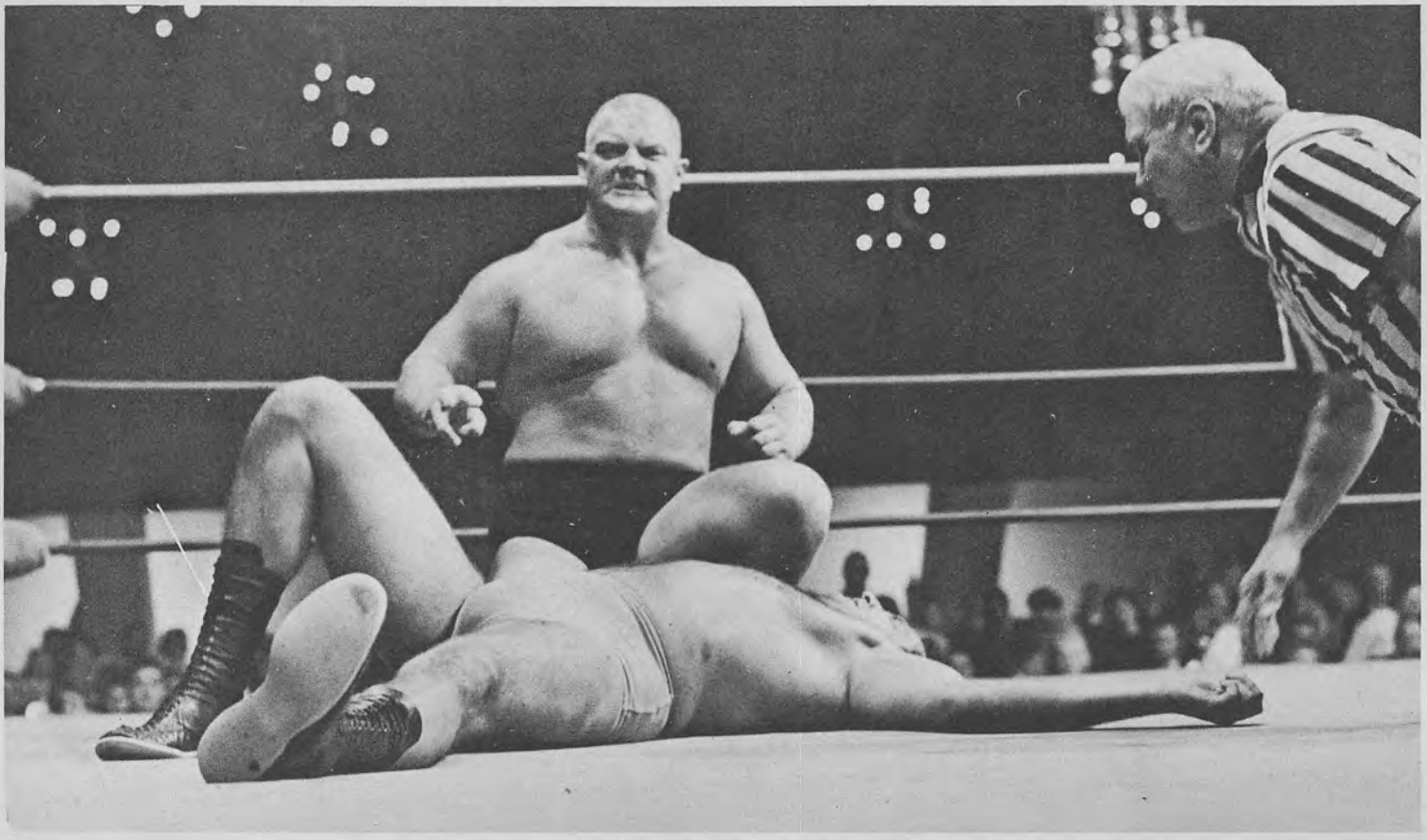
The fans shouted insults at Bruiser the moment he entered the ring. Bruiser, who likes to rile the customers "because it gets me in a fighting mood," let 'em have it right back—in juicy, colorful prose.



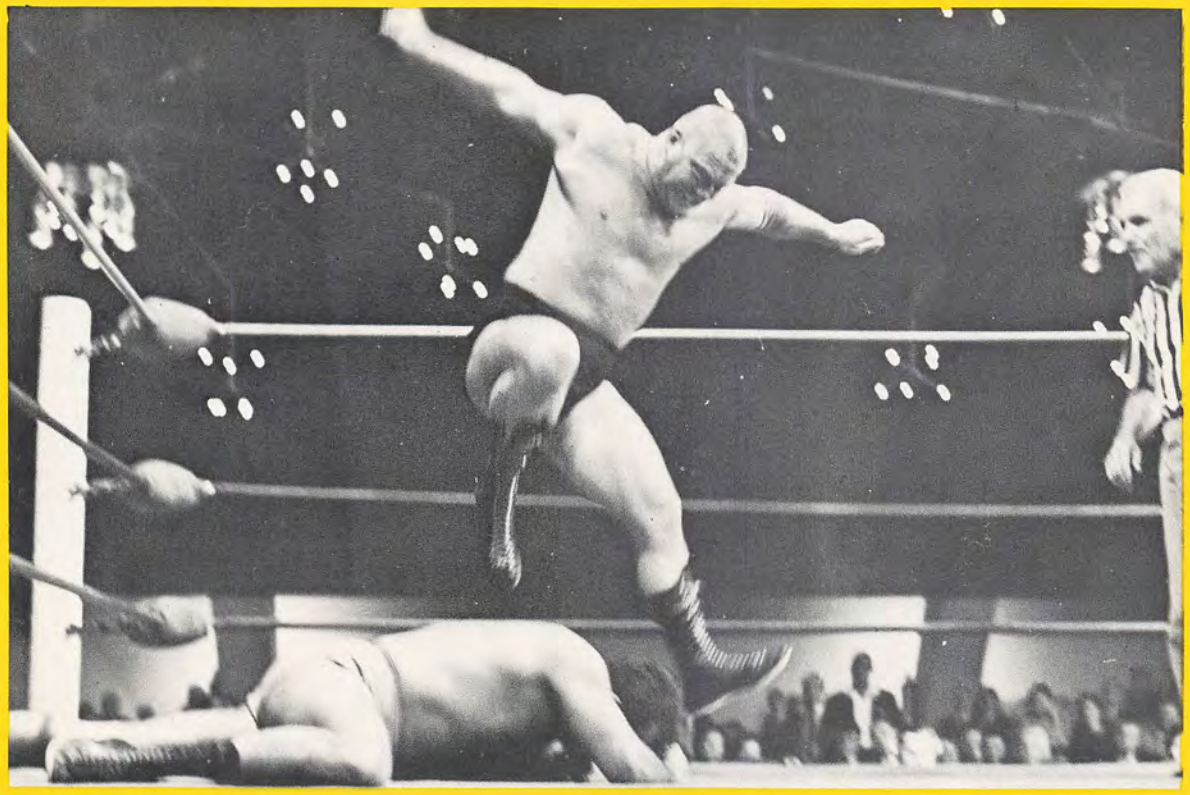


Left: Primed for violence after his exchange with the spectators, the Bruiser turns his venom on LaPointe, slamming him to the mat.

Stunned by the fall, Maurice lies inert as the snarling Bruiser contemplates what part of LaPointe's anatomy he'll attack next.



While Bruiser was busy making up his mind, LaPointe recovered and swiveled out of danger. Then he gave Bruiser something else to think about as he caught him by the arm and blasted him into the ropes.



Enraged by such treatment, Bruiser floored Maurice with a flying tackle, then proceeded to knee-drop him into submission. But that wasn't enough . . .

. . . He still had a score to settle with the fans and, leaping out of the ring, he scattered ringsiders by smashing chairs all over the place. It took four cops to "calm" him.

JOHN PAUL HENNING

WRESTLING REVUE'S PIN UP SERIES / NUMBER 18

Can you imagine badman Bill Miller allowing youngster Moose Evans to get him into this fix? Why, it's downright mortifying!

The Moose is Loose

By Bob Luce

For any young man who wants to become a professional wrestler, the story of big Moose Evans is not only the perfect guide, but a glowing inspiration as well

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC OF MOOSE EVANS that when he reported for work on his first job, he was wearing tapered black slacks, a short-sleeved sports shirt and highly-polished loafers.

"What's so strange about that?" you ask. "Maybe it's not exactly the kind of outfit to wear in a stuffy business office. But there's nothing wrong with it."

You're right—except that Moose was working as a lumberjack in upper New York State, where the Arctic winds whistling across the Canadian border send drifts of snow scurrying through the trees.

Moose, a New York City boy, had applied for the job in his casual garb—and gone right to work without changing. No one had bothered to tell him he needed special gear. And Evans, a proud, headstrong kid, wasn't going to ask for any advice.

Moose's attire hadn't been the only thing that had fluffed personnel executives of the International Paper Co. at Glens Falls, N. Y. They were accustomed to interviewing roughhewn French-Canadians for work in their upstate logging camps.

Moose, only 18 at the time, certainly looked like good lumberjack material. He was 6'5½", 250 pounds—and still growing. At John Adams High School in Queens, N. Y., he had been a standout in baseball, football and basketball.

But—and this was what puzzled the personnel boys—he had turned down tempting scholarships from three big Eastern colleges to seek work as a lumberjack. Now why would a talented athlete like Evans want to waste his time chopping down trees?

Moose knew why—but kept the reason to himself. The personnel boys tried to discourage him. But Evans pestered them all the more. Finally, they gave in. A big grin split Moose's face. "You'll see," he said happily, "I'll do more work than anybody in the camp."

Evans had no idea what he was letting himself in for. "Months later," he recalls today, "word got back to me that the camp foreman had been told to 'break my back.' And, man, he really did his best. He figured he'd show this city slicker what real work was . . ."

The day after he arrived at camp, a big, rough-looking guy strode up to Moose, pointed toward a clearing piled high with cut timber and commanded: "Clear that area out—NOW!" And with that he walked away.

Moose, still in his city duds, set to work in

Well, Miller figures, there are more ways than one to skin an ex-lumberjack. So he tries to overpower Moose in test of strength. His muscles bulge as he squeezes and squeezes . . .

. . . And this is the result. Miller on his knees begging for mercy? Why, it's unheard of! You have to have muscles on top of muscles to do that. But Moose has power to spare.

Moose seems to be enjoying himself as he catches Miller in a painful leglock. But a moment later, Big Bill wiped the smile off his face, fought him savagely to 30-minute draw.

Evans' mat career was just starting to zoom when he took on ferocious Crusher Lisowski in Minneapolis. When Moose came down like this, Crusher thought he'd been hit by a tree.

freezing rain. Two days later, his hands blistered and bloody, he completed a job which would have taken four men four days to finish.

"I worked from sunup to sundown," he says, "and had to wrap my hands in rags to protect them. But even the rags didn't help."

It was a shattering experience that would have cowed an ordinary man. But Moose stuck to the job for two solid years—from 1957 to 1959. They were years marked by bitter cold, unrelieved drudgery and a desolate loneliness deepened by the absence of radio, television and newspapers.

Why did he do it? For the same reason that led him, at the age of 14, to start sleeping on the floor in his comfortable home: "I felt it would harden my back muscles and improve my physical condition."

Physical conditioning was overwhelmingly important to a youngster who glued himself to his TV set every Saturday night to watch the "Wrestling from Marigold" show beamed out of Chicago over the old Dumont network.

For even at the age of 14, Moose was determined to become a wrestler. This was why he had turned down bids from NYU, Columbia and Princeton Universities after he graduated from John Adams H. S. as its greatest all-around athlete.

Besieged by big league baseball scouts, Moose took a stab at pitching for the New York Yankees and the St. Louis Cardinals. But his love for wrestling predominated and one night he told his dad he had his mind set on a wrestling career.

There was only one problem. Though Evans was taller than most of the giants he had seen on TV, he knew he would need muscles on top of muscles to compete with them. But what was the best way to develop his body? "Get a job in a lumber camp," his dad suggested.

So for two years he wrestled with huge logs, dragging and carrying them though the wilderness and hoisting them into trucks for $1.25 an hour. He rarely worked fewer than 80 hours a week and at peak times logged up to 100 hours, earning as much as $162.50 with overtime.

He earned every penny. Each day, he loaded eight trucks with 64 cords of wood—175 tons—a job that normally required four men. "Sometimes I would pull one log into position with my hook and have five or six frozen to it. It was damn hard work. I wore out a pair of gloves every three days."

When he quit lumberjacking, Moose figured he had enough muscle to tackle anybody. Muscle he had—but science? That was something else, as

Crusher is a mighty hulk himself but he looks like a baby compared with the giant Moose (6'8") and Evans hoists him like one as he prepares to airplane-spin him into oblivion.

he soon learned after enrolling in Tony Santos' Boston wrestling school.

But Evans was a "quick study," as they say in the acting racket, and in a few months he was ready for his first match—a preliminary in New York's Madison Square Garden.

It would be nice to report that Moose scored a big win. He didn't. He lost. "It was a rough session," he recalls wryly, "and I knew it was going to be a long road to the top."

Evans, now 285 pounds, underestimated himself. After a few more disappointments, he started clicking. In the summer of 1960, hunting for more work, he headed for Chicago's Marigold Arena.

Moose didn't expect a brass band welcome. But neither was he prepared for the indifferent reception he got. "Nobody paid any attention to me," he says with a chuckle. "I was just another big greenhorn."

Nevertheless, the rawboned youngster was just lucky enough—if that's the right phrase—to get a match with Big Bill Miller in Elkhart, Ind. The promoters needed a "soft touch" for Miller and Moose, they thought, was it.

Now sticking a relative newcomer in with a brute like Miller would be a punishable offense in most states. But Evans, who had never wrestled more than 15 minutes in a match, stayed with Bill for 30 minutes.

It was no picnic, but Moose gave such a good account of himself that Miller went to his dressing room to congratulate him. "You gave me a real hard time, boy," Miller said.

Moose had one other important bout that year. He was in Atlanta, Ga., in October of 1960, when Fred Blassie, then Southern heavyweight champion, was the big attraction.

Evans remembers spotting Blassie's picture on a wrestling poster in the bus station. "I stood in front of it," he says, "and kept reading the name Blassie over and over again. I remembered him from the days when I watched wrestling on TV. Blassie was big time, all right."

Using the tremendous strength he had developed as a lumberjack, Moose banged heads until, only a month later, he earned a shot at Blassie himelf. A huge crowd turned out to see the title match that night in Atlanta.

"It was the biggest night of my life," says Moose. "The fans were just wonderful to me. Maybe it was because they hated Blassie so much. Anyway, I was the favorite, and it was like a hometown celebration."

Evans, full grown to 6'8" and 320 pounds, towered over Blassie. But if you know Blassie, you know that height and weight mean nothing to him. He thrives on meanness.

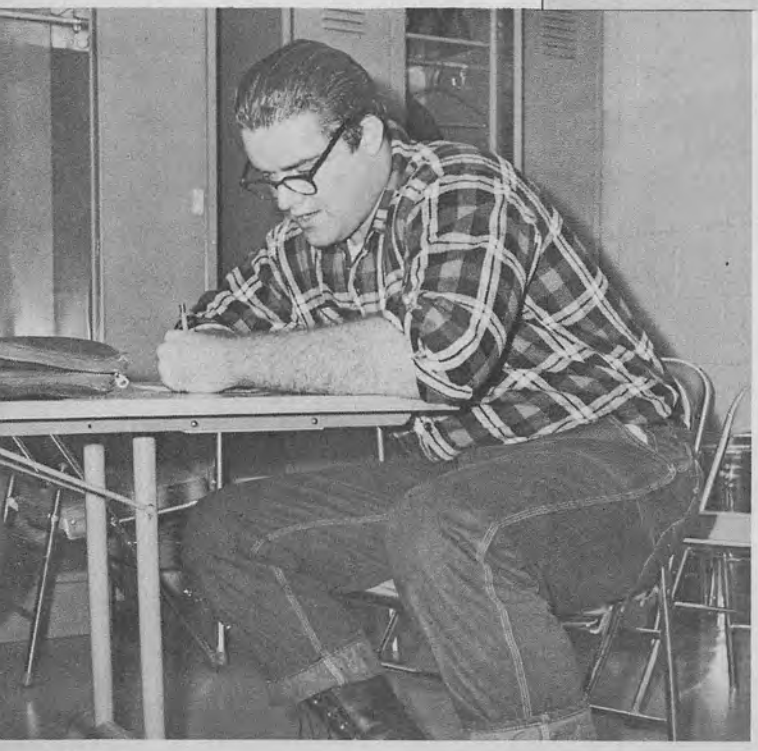
And that night, Fred Blasie showed Moose some tactics that would have even shamed Bill Miller. But whose hand was raised in victory? Moose's! And how did Fred wind up? Flat on

Moose has taken a lot of lumps from the rough guys he's met. "Is this one of them?" we asked him. "No," he said. "I was chopping down a tree and caught a flying splinter . . ."

Though he quit lumberjacking in 1959, Moose still likes to keep in shape by chopping down and lugging logs. He felled this one in the woods next to his motel in Minneapolis.

When the big money started rolling in, Moose decided to indulge in his passion for flying. Here at Minneapolis Airport, he climbs into ski-equipped monoplane for his first solo flight.

But flying's not all fun and Moose takes time before Detroit match to study aerodynamics and brush up on flying lessons.



his back.

A 21-year-old youngster with scarcely any experience had toppled one of the mightiest in the business!

From that point on, promoters fought to get him. In all their raves, however, was a note of reservation: Moose, it seemed, got rid of his opponents too quickly.

Some promoters sugested that he prolong the agony. Evans wouldn't hear of it. It was a matter of pride, he told them.

Finally, one clever promoter solved the problem by playing on that pride. "Look, Moose," he said, "see all those fans out there? They came to see you wrestle . . . they came because they think you're terrific . . . they want to see as much of you as possible. . . . Now how could you begrudge them that small favor?"

Well, of course, Moose couldn't. So he agreed to extend his bouts a little longer—say, about 10 seconds! ■

The main event featured Gene Kiniski against Whipper Watson—but each had a disc jockey for a partner

Photos by Roger Baker

WILD NIGHT IN TORONTO— ...but for charity

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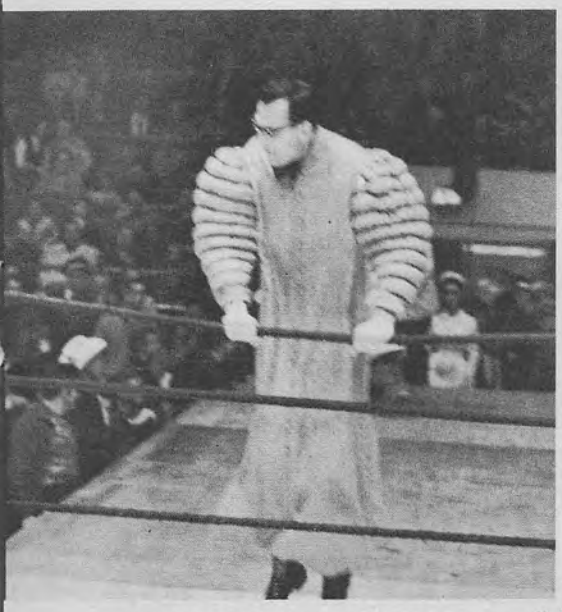
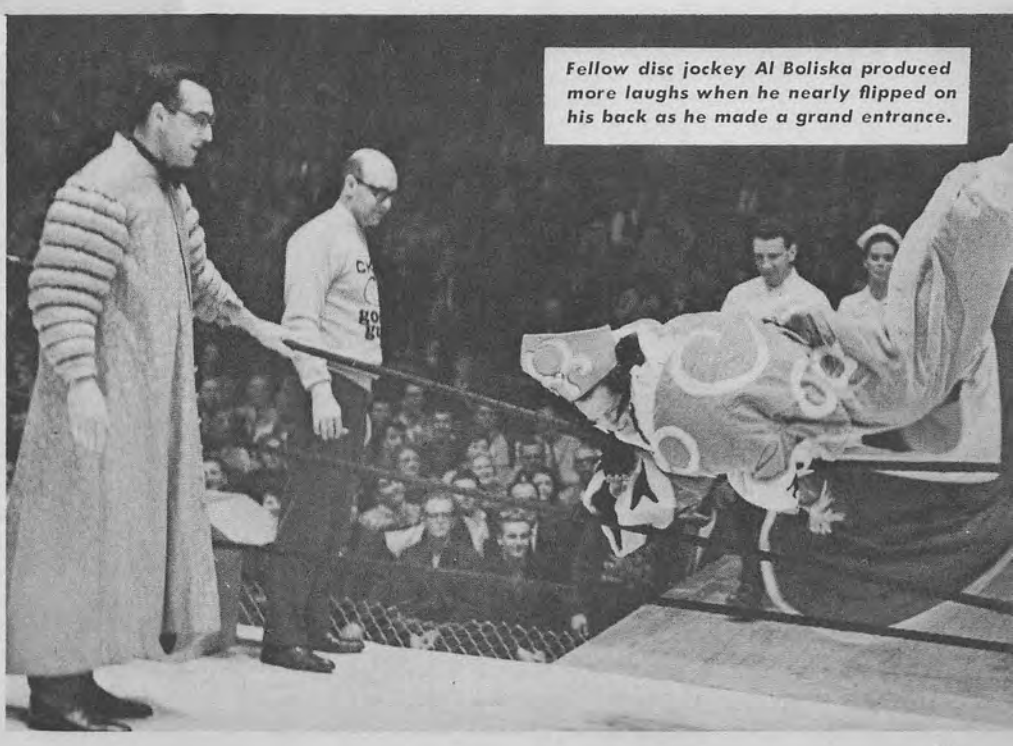
Helen Kerr of Crippled Children's Society is on hand to receive promoter Frank Tunney's $500 check from Whipper.

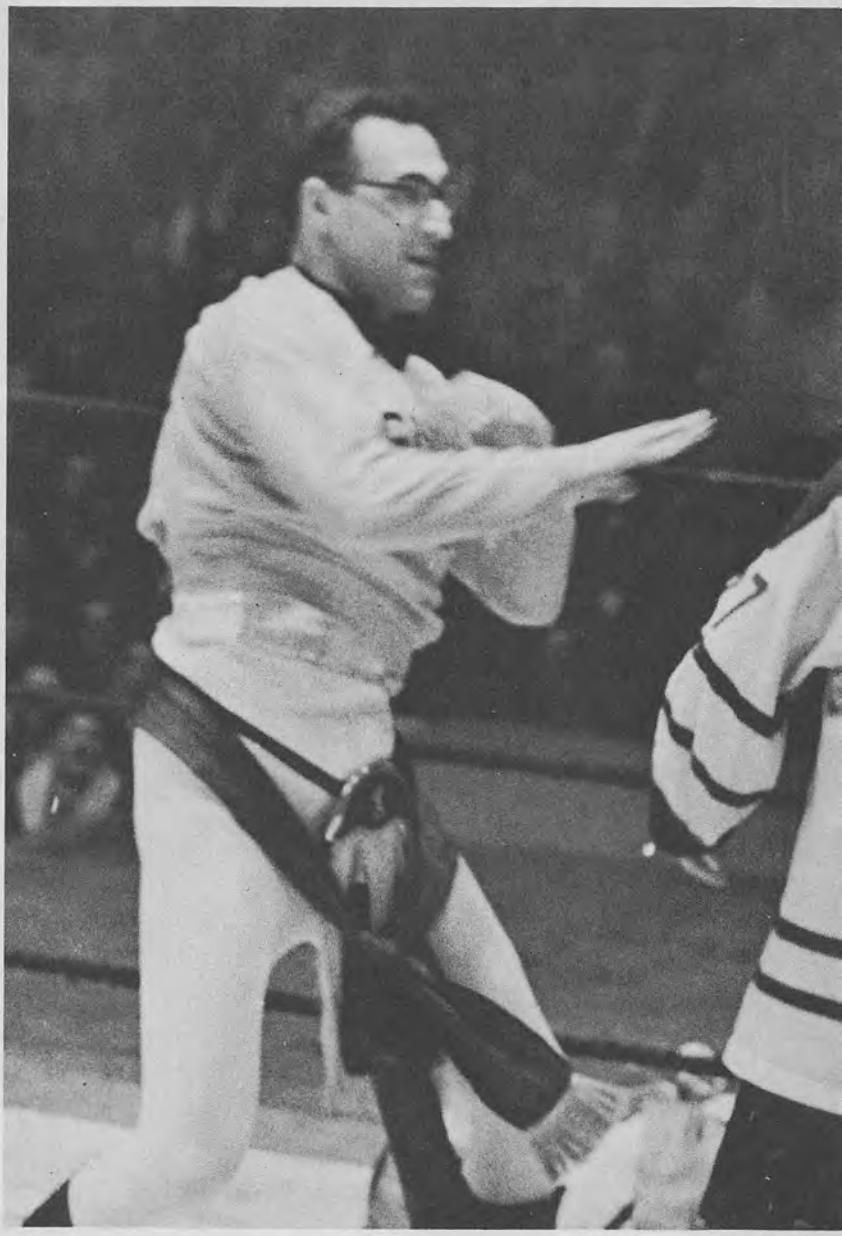


Disc jockey Bill Brady started the zany evening off with a guffaw when he appeared for combat in this weird costume.



Fellow disc jockey Al Boliska produced more laughs when he nearly flipped on his back as he made a grand entrance.

"Strong man" Boliska learns that ripping a Toronto telephone book is a lot tougher than holding a microphone.



The disc jockeys had a whale of a time—and so did the crowd —as they hammed it up in mid-ring. Highlight of the horse-

YOU PROBABLY DON'T KNOW Francois Malroux of Toronto. He's a sharp-nosed, sad-eyed plumber who finds little cheer in life. On Thursday nights, he likes to go to Maple Leaf Gardens to see the wrestling matches. He has seen the best and the worst performers and though he rarely gets excited he invariably has a good time.

The night of January 9, 1964, was like all other Thursday nights to Monsieur Malroux. He scrubbed himself clean, donned his Sunday blue suit and striped red-and-green tie, ate in a modest restaurant that featured a free glass of burgundy or chablis with every meal, and then joined the 8,000 fans streaming into the cavernous hockey arena.

Like everybody else in Toronto, Francois knew the matches that night were being held for the benefit of the Ontario Society for the Crippled Children. He also knew, from their own ballyhoo, that Toronto's two top disc jockeys—Al Boliska and Bill Brady of Radio Station CKEY—were going to perform in the main event along with arch rivals Whipper Billy Watson and Gene Kiniski.

What he didn't know was that he was in for the zaniest Thursday night of his life. For that matter, neither did the other spectators, who gawked — then cheered boisterously — when bespectacled Bill Brady stumbled into the ring. He couldn't help but stumble—he was wearing an ankle-length garment that resembled a maternity robe, with puffy, ribbed sleeves suggesting inverted beehives.

Brady, a born ham, made a great show of testing the ropes, then drew another boffo when the recoil nearly sprawled him on his back. Monsieur Malroux, sitting in the middle rows, allowed himself a smile. The smile broadened when Al Boliska appeared. Al was wearing a mitred hat with a

play came when Brady (left) heaved a custard pie into Boliska's face.

Boliska touched off the pie-tossing incident by giving Brady a swift kick in the rear echelon. On hand to forestall further "violence" is a bespectacled doctor.

crest and a garish costume that made him look like a circus clown. He tried to leap gracefully over the ropes, got tangled up—and flopped on his kisser.

Highlight of the evening was the tag match between Kiniski-Boliska and Watson-Brady. But Malroux was in no hurry to see them get on with the job. Neither were Al and Bill because they spied a grim-looking doctor, flanked by two businesslike nurses, coming down the aisle. Hanging from the doctor's neck was a stethoscope, ready for use. Now, Al and Bill may be hams but they're no dopes. So they decided to delay disaster with prolonged horseplay.

With a flourish, Boliska, known as a fearless man behind a microphone, brandished a Toronto telephone directory over his head and tried to rip it across the middle. All he got for his pains were a set of blisters. Then Brady, assuming the fierce look of a karate expert, attempted to chop a board with his bare hand. The board refused to cooperate.

Working up a froth, the boys gamboled all over the ring to the accompaniment of good-natured hoots from the crowd. Suddenly, Boliska sneaked up behind Brady and planted a swift boot on his tail. Brady, who doesn't like to leave his rear exposed, retaliated by splattering a custard pie into Al's face. It was cornball slapstick, but the fans loved it—especially Monsieur Malroux, who nearly swallowed his cigar in the excitement.

Finally, referee Tiger Tasker, whose sides were aching from laughter, decided the comedy had gone far enough. Calling the boys together for instructions, he said: "Now I don't want any dirty stuff. Remember, this is for charity. So let's come out and give the customers some good, clean action."

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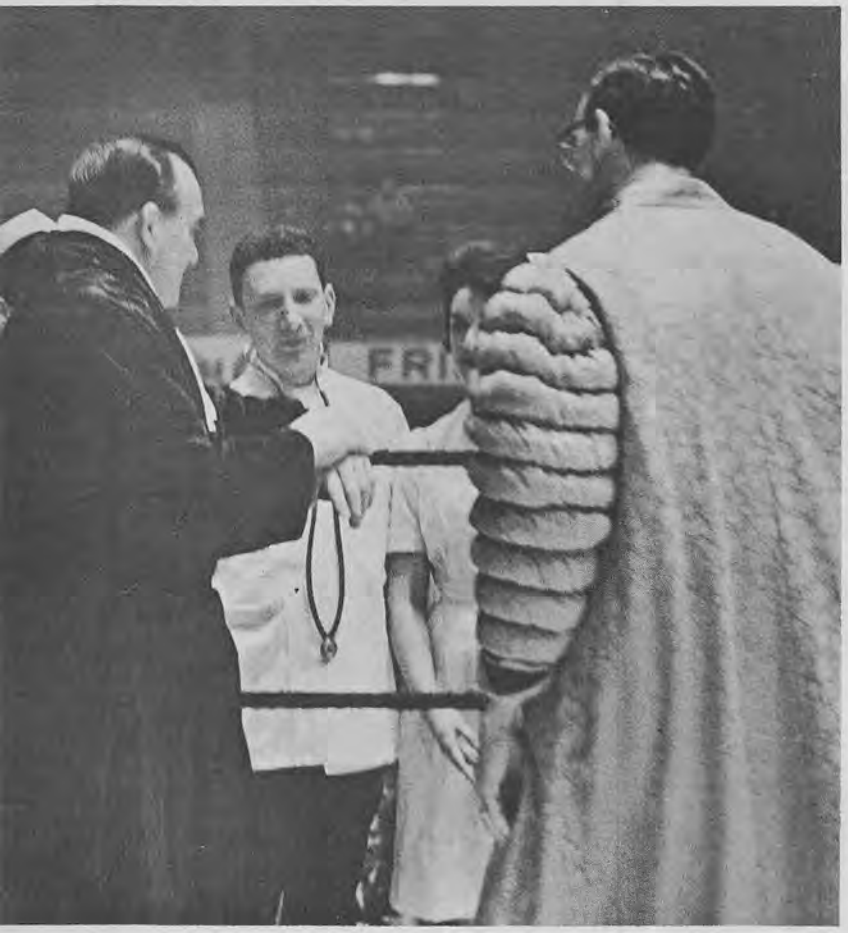


Getting cold feet when they saw Whipper confer with a doctor and two nurses, Al and Bill tried to delay the bout.

Boliska, teamed with Gene Kiniski, found himself boxed in when he skittered out to do combat with the mighty Whipper.

Brady looked at glowering Kiniski and gulped. Boliska looked at hostile Whipper and blanched. They looked at each other—and shuddered. If it hadn't been for sweet charity's sake, they would have bolted from the arena then and there.

But cowardice assumes many shapes and sometimes it even shows the face of bravery. That's how Boliska appeared when he charged out at Whipper Watson. Brave. Fearless. A man to conjure with. Only one thing marred this warrior-like image: his hands were trembling. Then his knees started to shake. By the time he got to ring center, he was quaking all over.

Watson mercifully twanged him into the ropes to loosen him up. He did it gently, almost apologetically. Al not only loosened up—*he nearly fell apart.* But just as soon as his knees stopped wobbling, he started to run like a guy trying to break an Olympic record.

At one point he threw a big cardboard box at Whipper in hopes of tripping him up. Instead, Watson stuffed him into the box head first and was all set to send him to Baffinland via parcel post when the box collapsed.

With a yelp, Al started running again. Whipper patiently waited for him to tire, then played with him like a violin, using the ropes as strings. Finally, bored with the music, he pinned Al after slamming him with his famed airplane spin.

Boliska was a deflated warrior when Big Gene Kiniski, cradling him in his arms like a baby, carried him back to the dressing room. As they went by, Monsieur Malroux craned his neck for a look-see. Al's eyes were closed and there was a dreamy expression on his face.

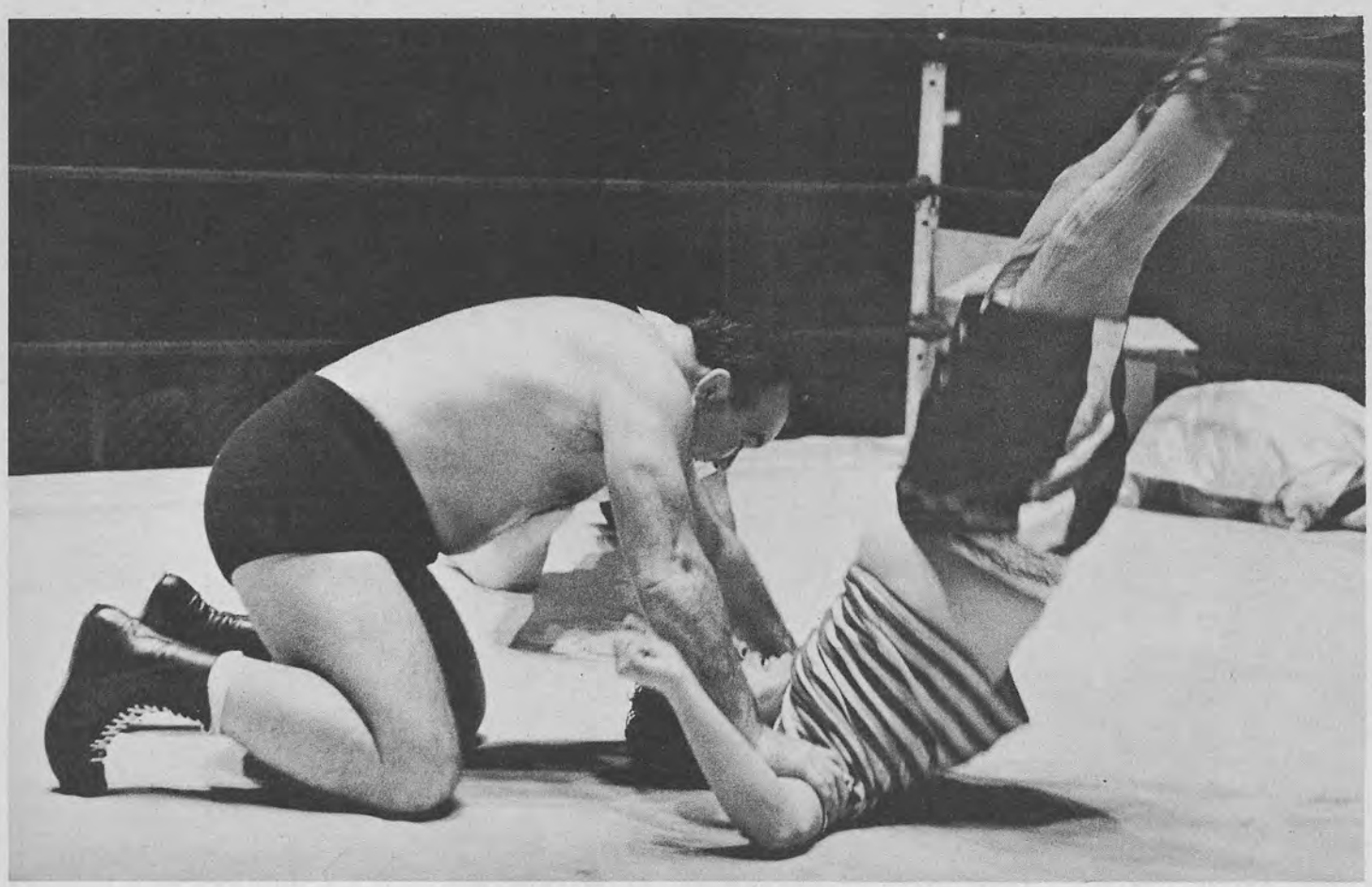
Malroux was working furiously on his third stogie when Kiniski stormed back to get at Watson. Gene had gone without lunch that afternoon, and was famished. Now Watson is not exactly what you would call "tasty." But Kiniski started chewing him as if he were a slab of prime sirloin.

This was an unexpected switch in tactics, because Gene reportedly had been trying to build up an image as a reformed villain (WR April/54). Had the report been premature? It seemed that way as he continued to shatter the image by kneeing, kicking and gouging.

For a moment, Whipper ran the risk of being chewed and hacked to death—or something even more fatal. But he survived the assault and then climbed aboard Gene's hulking 6'5", 275-pound frame to apply a piggyback commando hold.

And now, for the first time, Malroux the plumber starter yowling. You couldn't understand what he was yowling about because the words had to travel around his cigar. But that didn't matter. At least you could tell whose side he was on—Whipper's.

But when Gene wrenched loose and whipped the Whipper head first into a ring post, Malroux



Whipper, who's known to be soft on disc jockeys, played with Al like a violin. But Boliska didn't like the tune.

almost choked. Watson plopped to the canvas, struggled to get up and then stretched out for a snooze. Whereupon the referee promptly tagged him out.

The fans took violent exception to this. What was the matter with Referee Tasker, anyway? Was he blind? Didn't he see that Whipper had his dainty foot hooked over the bottom rope? One spectator called the oversight to Tasker's attention. "Cantcha see his foot, ya dope?" he shouted.

Tasker looked. Sure enough, Whipper's ankle was curled over the rope. What's more, Whipper was no longer snoozing. He was moving! Well, what could Tasker do? Kiniski, flush with the juices of victory, had already left the ring. Tasker hesitated. Then, with a shrug, he declared Whipper the winner.

What about Brady? What was he doing while Watson was acknowledging the cheers of the crowd? You should have seen the big ham. He threw up his arms and strutted around the ring as if *he* had won the bout. Well, in a way, he had helped—by staying out of the way. ■

Whipper did all the work but who do you think horned in on the credit after the bout? Why, that big ham, Brady!

The Case of the CAVIAR CROOK

Annette Palmer, doubling as a private detective, faced a clever adversary in her first day on the job. **By Bob Luce**

THERE WAS CONSTERNATION in the supermarket. Summoning key aides to his office, the purple-faced manager banged his desk with a can of No. 303 peas and thundered: "Gentlemen, we're facing a grave situation. Someone has been stealing caviar from our Gourmet Shelf. Not only that—but someone has also been making off with the paté de foie gras."

The aides paled. The store carried only the most expensive brand of caviar and paté de foie gras. A steady raid on the Gourmet Shelf could result in serious

Wrestling Revue's photographer was Johnny-on-the-spot when Annette trailed the thief out of the supermarket.

Ready to make a pinch, Palmer taps the crook on the back. He jumped like a jackrabbit and started to run . . .

losses. "Do you suspect any of the employes?" asked one aide. The manager brushed the question aside.

It had to be a customer—and an extremely cunning one. Else how could he—or was it a she?—spirit all those jars past the radar screen and the gimlet eyes of the checkout clerks? The aides buzzed as they tried to figure the thief's modus operandi —what the cops call "M.O."

The manager listened to their gabbling with mounting exasperation. Then, banging his desk again with the can of peas, he bawled: "Quiet—all of you. Now listen t'me. We're supposed to have a detective around here. What kind of a detective is he if he can't catch a caviar thief? What's he been doing—hanging around the frozen fish section?"

"Excuse me, boss," an aide said. "But it's a her."

"Who's a her?"

"Our detective, boss."

"Her, shmer—what do I care? All I want to know is why wasn't she on the job?"

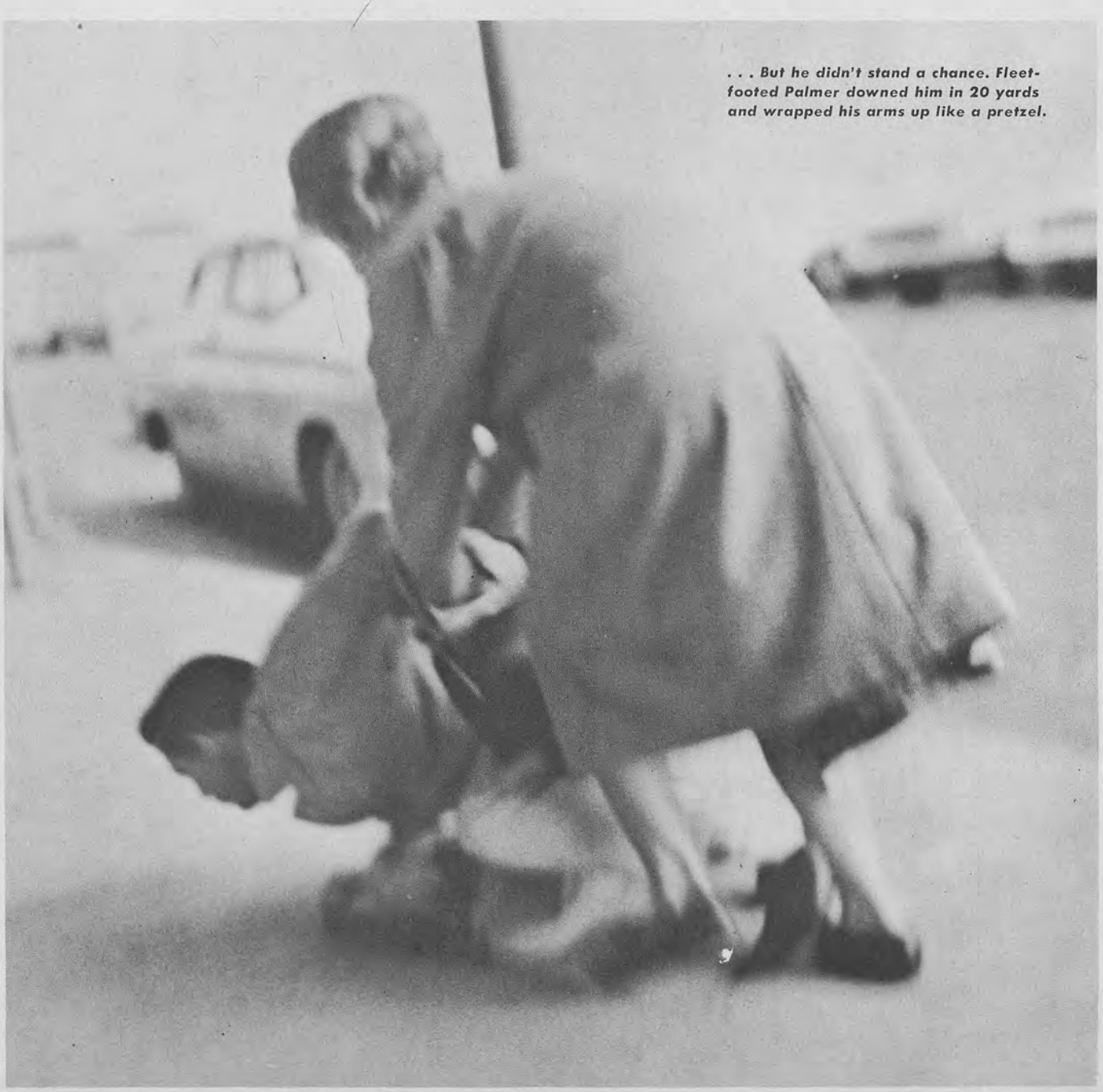
The aide coughed gently. "She doesn't start until tomorrow, boss."

"What about the guy we had?"

"If you remember, boss, you fired him this morning for hanging around the pickle barrel with Miss Anderson."

"Humph!" he snorted. "So I did. Well, anyway, I'll brief what's-her-name as soon as she comes in tomorrow. If we don't catch that crook, first thing you know he'll start stealing our trading stamps. And then we'll really be in a fix."

Annette Palmer was as mystified as her boss after she started work the next morning. He had briefed her on the caviar and



. . . But he didn't stand a chance. Fleet-footed Palmer downed him in 20 yards and wrapped his arms up like a pretzel.

A great many fans are going to miss Annette's shapely figure if she decides to go in for full-time sleuthing.

Palmer limbers up to keep in trim for her two careers. When did you ever see a store detective who looked like this?

paté situation. But here it was—late afternoon — and she hadn't yet sniffed out any suspects.

Then, as she was casually moving through the aisles, she spotted a tall man in a tan overcoat near the Gourmet Shelf. He popped several jars of caviar and paté into his wire cart and headed toward the cookie section.

On a hunch, Annette tailed him. She saw him pick up a box of sesame crackers. After looking around hurriedly to see if anyone were watching, he pried the top off. Then he opened a jar of caviar with a small opener and proceeded to make himself a sandwich!

You could have floored Annette with a breadstick. No wonder they hadn't been able to catch him. He was eating the stuff right in the store. And from the way he ate, he must have had the appetite of an elephant.

Whoo-ee, this was a new twist. But what could she do? Before she could get to him, he had stuffed the cracker box—and the empty caviar jars — behind some flour bags. He was, technically, "clean." Anyway, the idea was to catch him outside the store with the goods.

But how? Annette didn't know, but she'd come up with something. When the fellow showed up the next day—during slack time, of course, when hardly anybody was around to notice him—she practically glued herself to him. In desperation, he stuffed four jars of caviar and paté in the pockets of his loose overcoat and headed for a checkout counter. Annette signaled the clerk to let him pass.

The rest was duck soup. Catching up with him on the sidewalk, she tapped him gently on the shoulder. He wheeled around as if he'd been stabbed. Without a

word, Annette simply pointed to his bulging pockets. He gave her a frantic look and bolted. He had hardly gone 20 yards when Annette floored him. After a violent struggle, she whipped his arms behind his back and squeezed him into submission.

The Case of the Caviar Crook was closed. . . .

Annette laughed when we asked her why on earth she worked as a part-time store detective in view of her tremendous success as a wrestler. "I do it for kicks," she said. "In a way, it's almost like wrestling: you're constantly pitting brains and brawn against a clever opponent . . ."

But Miss Palmer has another reason for her sideline: "I've been wrestling for seven years now. In that time, I've had two ribs broken. I was once laid up a whole month with a hip injury. Two years ago, I got kicked in the face so hard it was black-and-blue for three weeks. In all that time, I've never missed a booking. But some day . . . some day I might not be so lucky. So I'd like to have something to fall back on. My goal is to get a job on a big city police force."

There's no doubt that she'll reach it, for Annette is a mighty determined girl, as anyone in her hometown of Esmond, North Dakota, can tell you. The folks remember her, too, as a tomboy who was always getting into trouble.

Palmer admits it. "At high school dances, for example, I never got along with the other girls. We used to disagree constantly, and often in the most violent fashion. If I couldn't get any satisfaction out of telling the sassy ones off, I'd just up and belt 'em."

Once she was expelled from school for battling with an honor student. Luckily her parents persuaded the principal to take her back.

Annette didn't care much for the boys, either. "I had no time for them. I wanted to be a great athlete—like Babe Didrikson. She was my idol. I was only 19 when Babe died. It broke me up."

The boys cared for *her*, though. In fact, they fought to date her. After all, as a track and basket-

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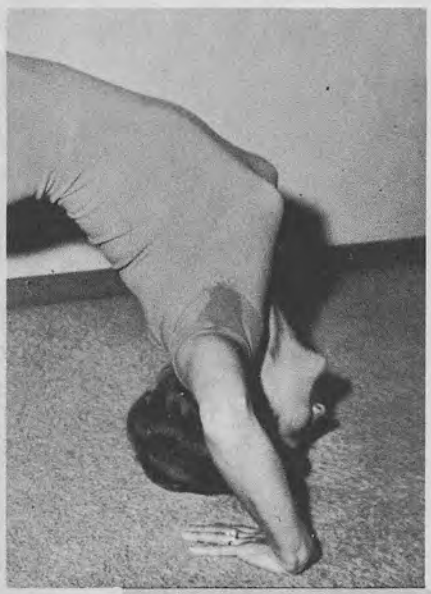
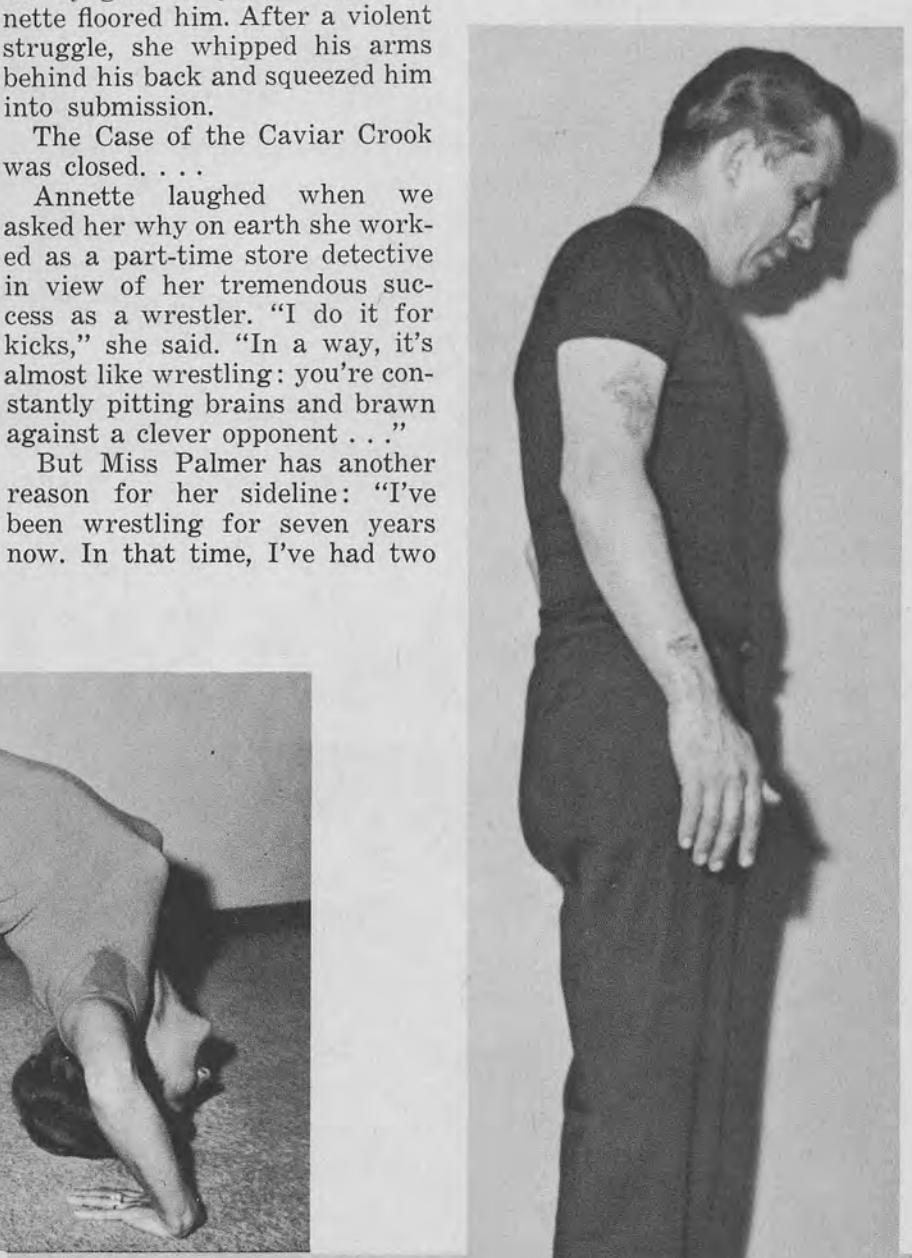
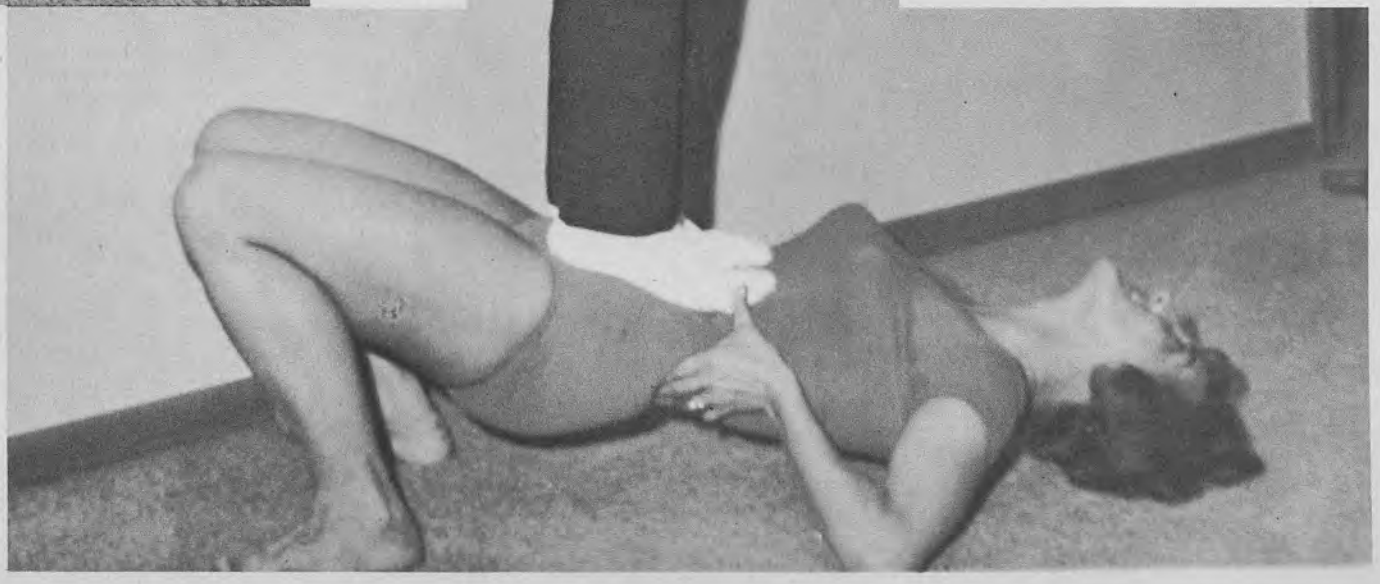
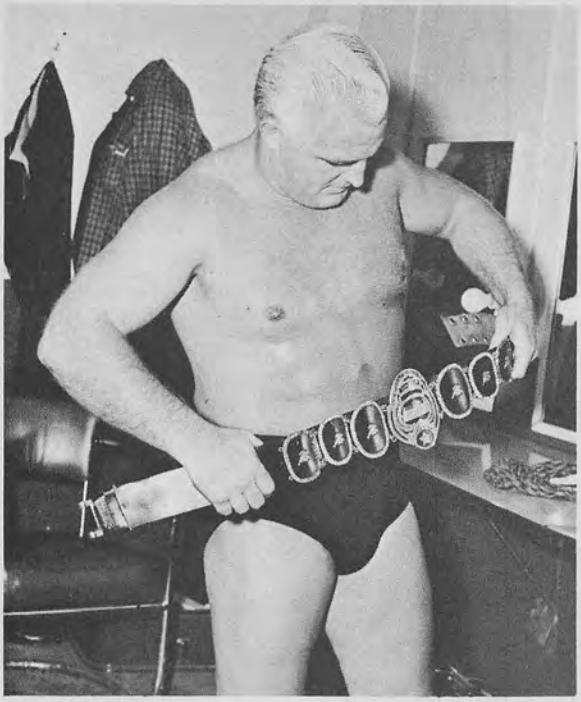






It takes a strong girl to stomach this kind of treatment. Annette hails from North Dakota, which she says is noted for its rough and tough women.



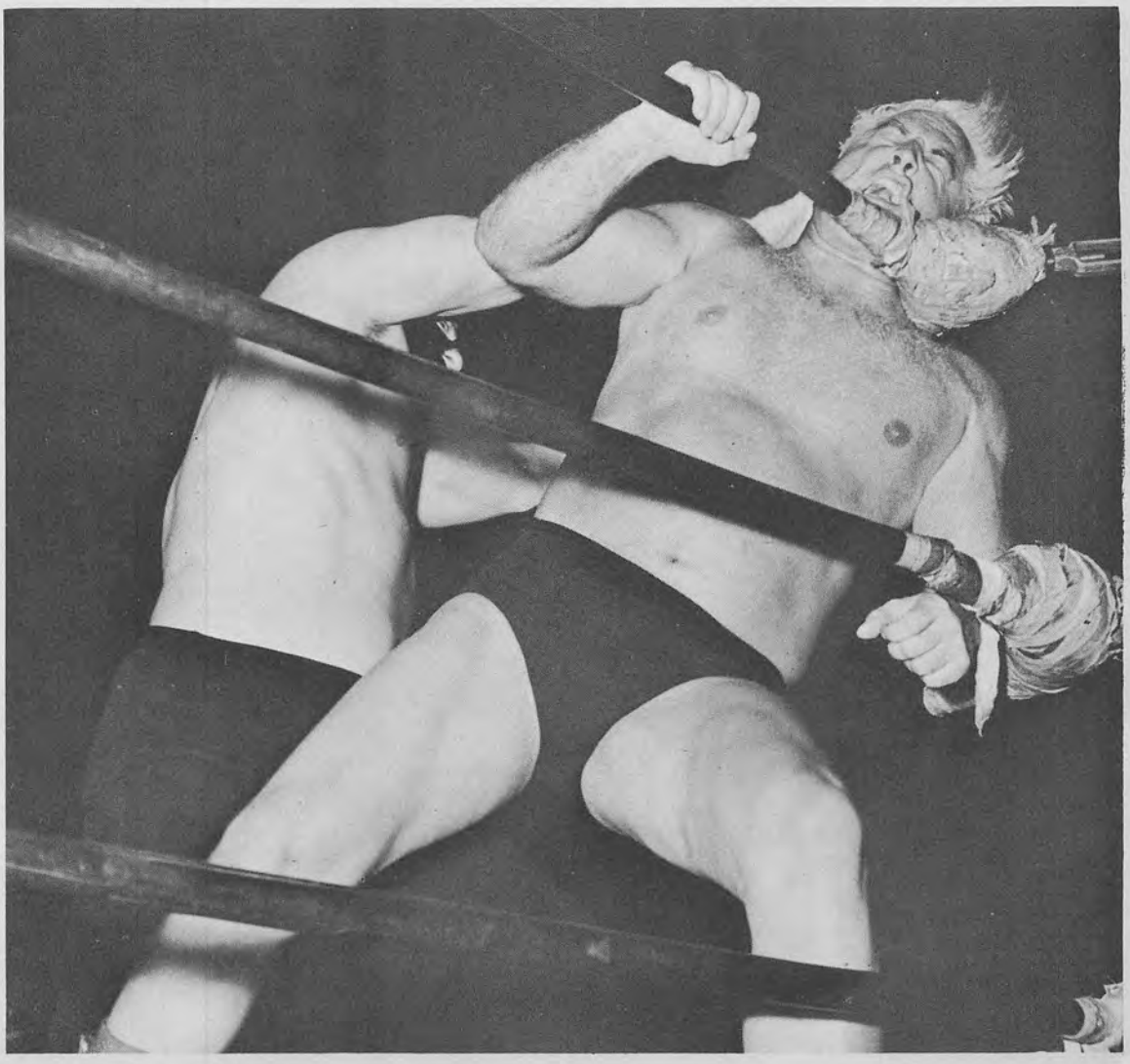
Eddie Graham puts on regional title belt in dressing room before bout with the Mighty Hercules. Eddie came up from Tampa, Fla., to challenge the masked terror who was clobbering all opposition in Atlanta.

His identity remained a secret until he faced Eddie

ALL THE "MIGHTY HERCULES" would say about himself was that he weighed 245 pounds and could lick any blankety-blank sonuvagun in the business. Which didn't tell us much about the hooded terror whose tightly-guarded identity was the subject of curiosity throughout Atlanta, Ga., where he had dominated the wrestling scene for about four months.

Scores of challengers had tried to unveil his secret only to go down to crashing defeat. Finally, big Eddie Graham of Tampa,

THE UNMASKIN



In early stages of the bout, it appeared that Eddie would meet the same fate that had befallen other challengers. Hercules got him in a corner and literally tried to make Graham eat a turnbuckle.

Graham, the best unmasker in the business

Fla., heard about the mysterious stranger and decided to have a whack at him. Atlanta fans had seen the Mighty Hercules in some turbulent matches, but the one with Graham exceeded them all in violence—and suspense.

Time after time, Eddie came close to unmasking his opponent only to be kicked, kneed and blasted into the turnbuckles. At one point, Hercules got so enraged that he picked up the ringside staircase to hurl at Eddie.

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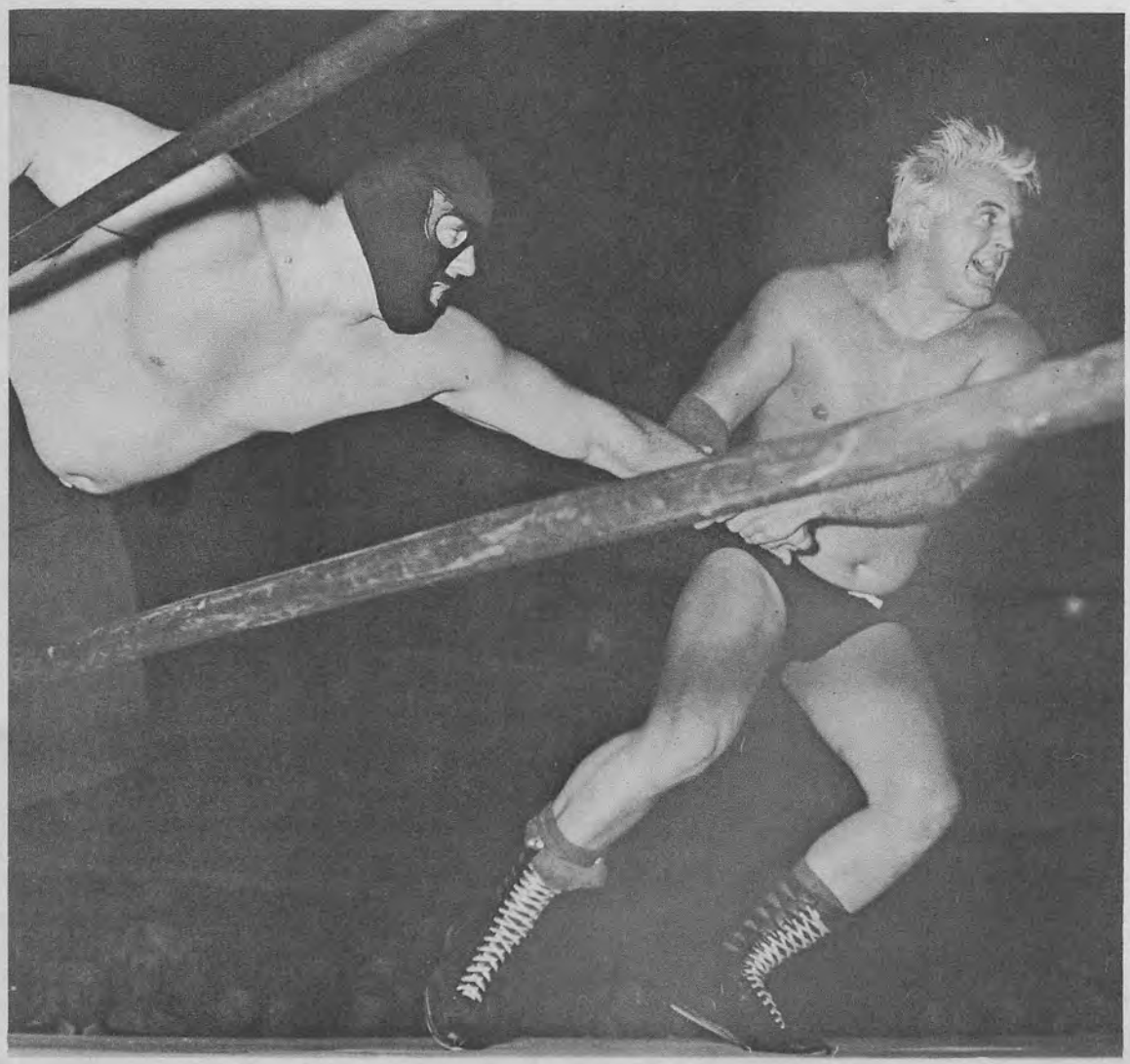
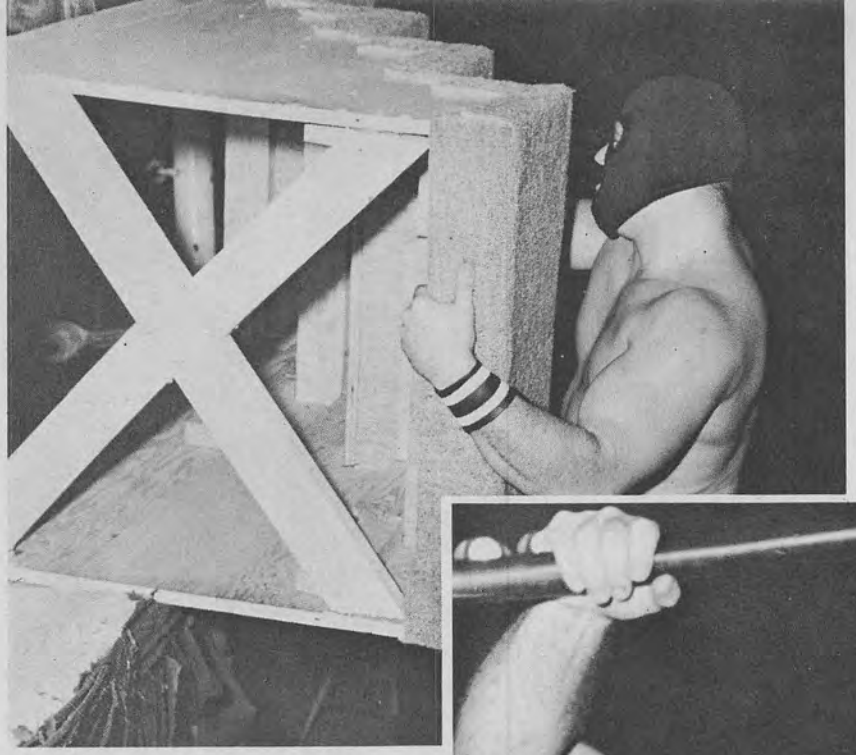
G OF HERCULES



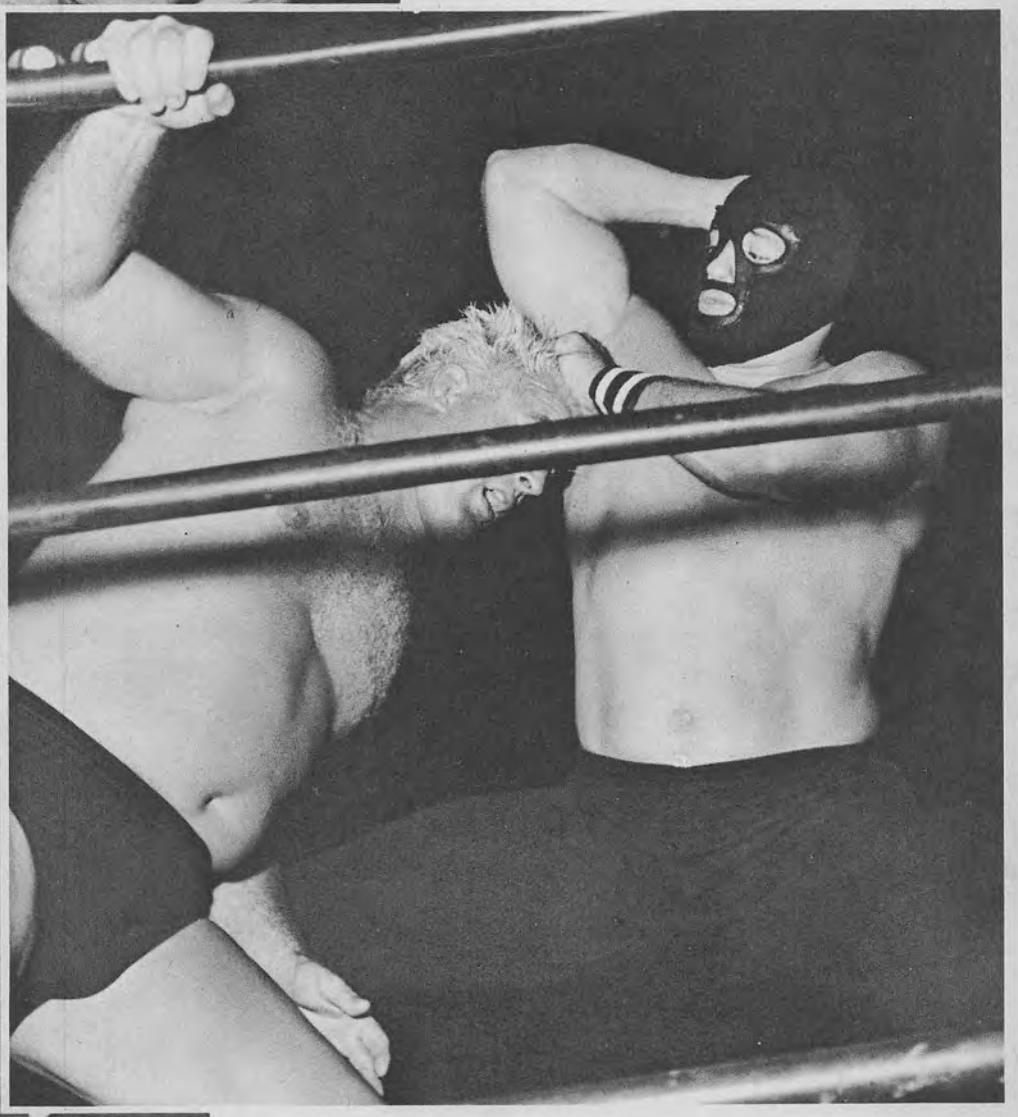
Nattily attired in a glistening silk suit, Mighty Hercules was full of braggadocio when he arrived at the arena. Asked if he was worried about wrestling Graham, he sneered: "Why should I be worried? I've beaten better guys than him without even getting a sweat up."

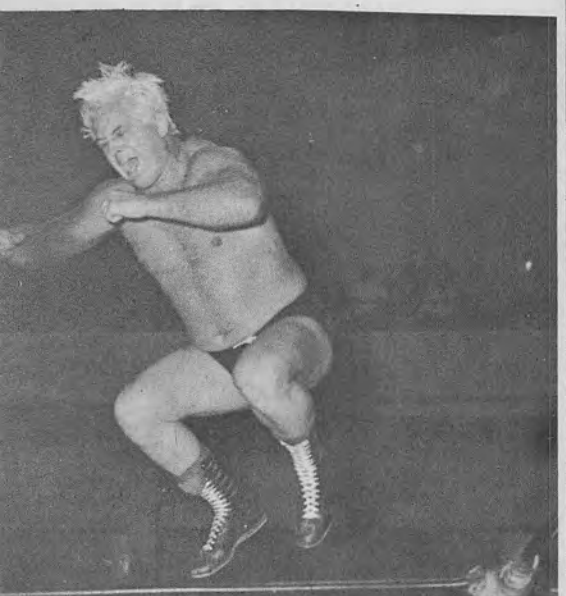
But Eddie, coming back after a lambasting, gave Hercules something to sweat about as he yanked him off his feet and propelled him into a ring post. Then he lunged in and tried to rip the mask off, but he was overeager and Hercules eluded him.

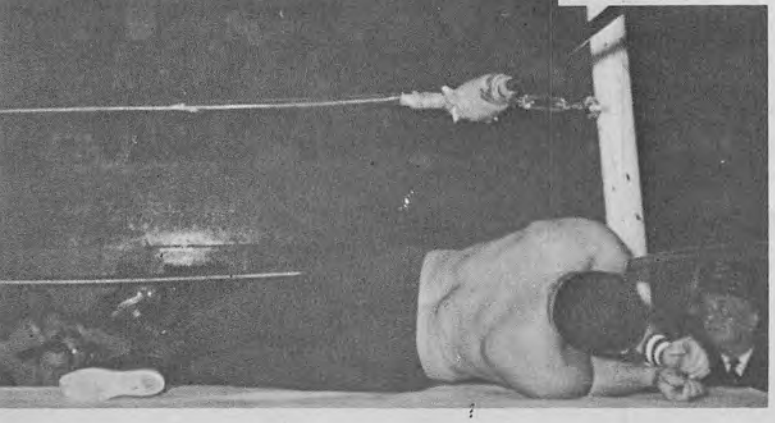


Though Eddie dominated most of the action, the Mighty Hercules roared back in spurts for some dirty work along the ropes. These elbow chops hurt Graham, made him respect Hercules even more.

Catching up with his fleet-footed foe, Eddie knocked him out of the ring. Miffed by this ungentlemanly act, Hercules picked up the ringside staircase to hurl at Eddie.



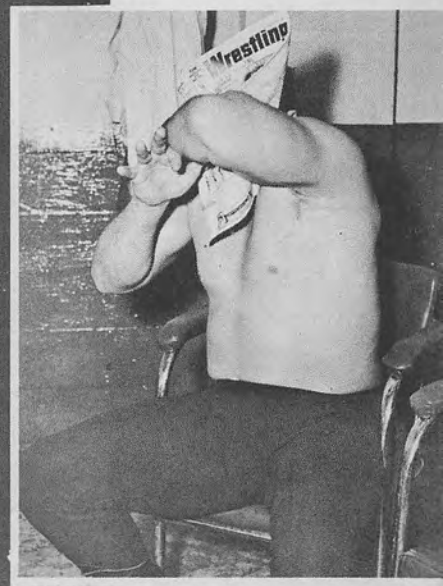




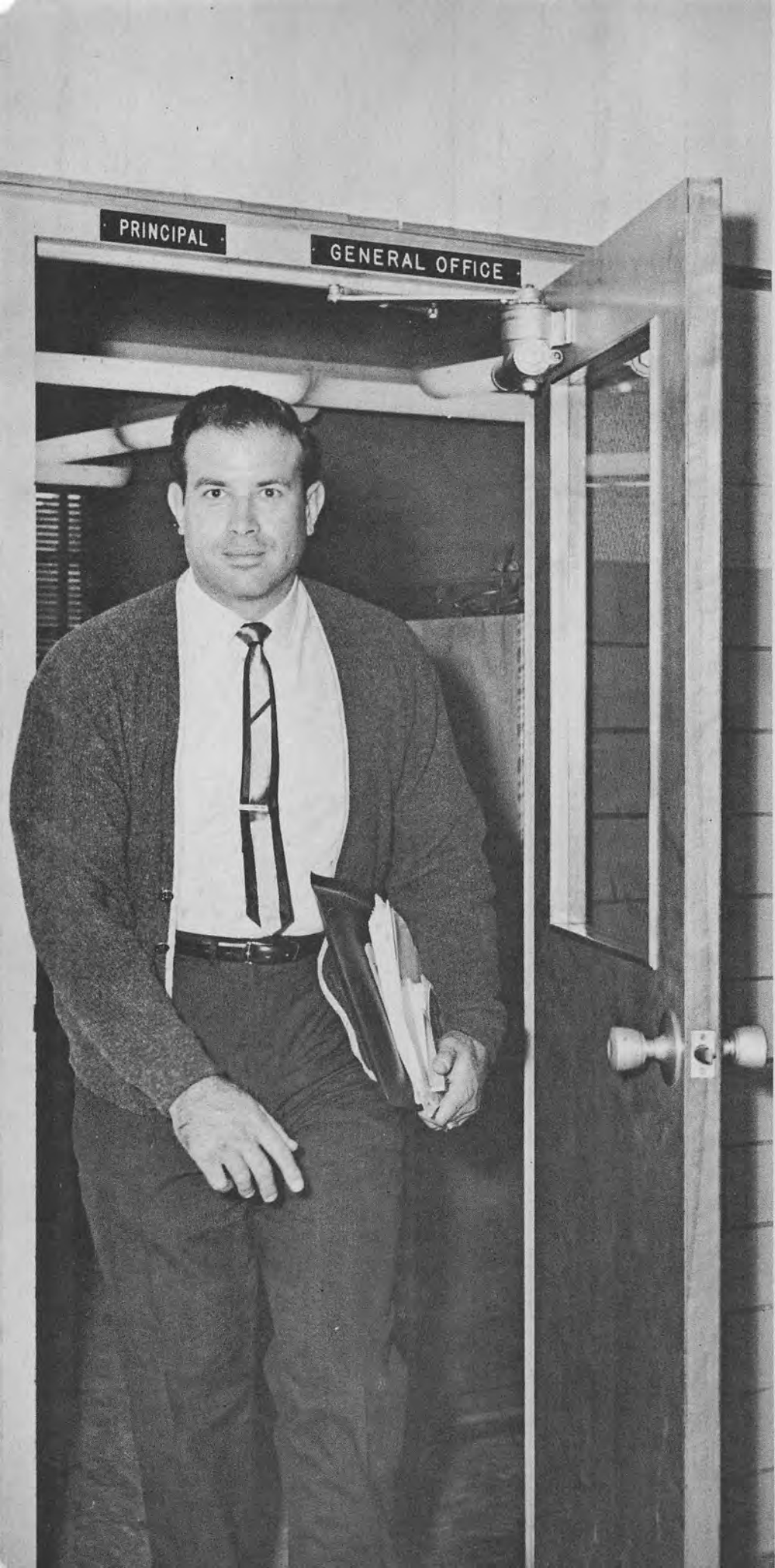
Then Graham really cut loose. Leaping off the top rope, he walloped Hercules across the ring and then yanked off his hood. There was a gasp of astonishment from the crowd. Who was the mystery man? None other than North Carolina's gift to the mat world—Bobby Graham. ▪

Flooring Hercules with butts to the belly, Eddie flattened him again with a mighty leap from top rope. As the hooded villain rolled over in agony, Graham ripped off his mask.

Hercules tried to hide his face as he writhed on the floor. But the sight of Graham holding up the mask in triumph so enraged him that he scrambled to his feet and slugged Eddie to his knees.



Though the fans all recognized Hercules as Bobby Graham, he continued to screen his face when a WRESTLING REVUE photographer tried to snap his picture in the dressing room.



Members of the track team at Jones High School in Houston listen attentively to Coach Spillios as he gives them pep talk.

Wrestler on the Side

Nick Spillios has more than a full-time job teaching school. But his determination to be a professional wrestler overcame all the obstacles.

After school, Nick hurries to local gym for daily workout. When he's wrestling in another city, he has his car all gassed up and ready for a quick "getaway."

By Bob Verlin

AS NICK SPILLIOS plodded down the aisle to the ring, he kept thinking of a line from the Rodgers-Hammerstein tune, *It Might As Well Be Spring*: "I'm as jumpy as a puppet on a string. . ."

His mouth was dry, his stomach knotted. His feet dragged as if they had been tied with 300-lb. weights. And his knees—man, what were they doing down there—clicking like castanets?

This was the moment Nick had waited two years for . . . two years of doubt and determination, sweat and struggle. But behind the struggle was a fierce pride in his ability.

His pride, more than anything else, had kept him going when even his best friends told him he was wasting his time trying to become a wrestler.

"You just can't do it, Nick," they said. "It's too hard. You've got another job. You don't have time. You'll be too tired. Give it up. . . ."

But Nick kept plugging away. He would show those skeptics. There were some who believed in him. His wife, Claudine, for one. And his pupils at Jones High School in Houston, Texas. He couldn't let them down. . . .

Continued on next page

Nick gives pointers on wrestling technique to two of his promising students. "It takes more than just muscle to become a mat star," says Spillios. "You've got to have a lot of determination, too."

Nick gets "good luck kiss" from his wife, Claudine, before leaving for a wrestling engagement. If trip is 300 miles or more, Spillios usually has time for only 40 winks. Then he has to be up and off for school again.

. . . But what would those students think if they could see their teacher now? If they knew how nervous he was? Nick wondered. . . . Was this the way every beginner felt before his first professional bout?

He recalled how excited he had been when he got the match. For two years, without fail, he had gone to the local arena every Friday night to study the pros in action. He analyzed their moves, writing them down on a pad . . . adapting them to his own use.

And every afternoon, after school, he would work out in the same arena, wrestling anyone he could find—even the attendant. Often, in desperation, he'd go out into the street to coax strangers to wrestle him.

Spillios was so determined to succeed that he would have worked out all afternoon if the trainers hadn't run him out. He tried to get some pros to practice with, finally persuaded Ciclon Negro to give him a few pointers.

All this time Nick was hoping promoter Paul Boesch would notice him. Paul eventually did and even spent some time training him. When Boesch didn't show up, Spillios would anxiously go to his office.

"I didn't see you around today, Paul," he'd say. "Will you come down and help me a bit . . . show me a few things? And Paul, when do you think I'll ever get a match?" Patiently, Boesch would reply: "You're not ready yet, Nick. In time. You just keep working out. Then we'll see."

Glumly, Spillios wondered whether he'd *ever* be ready. Then, one day last fall, someone told him: "They want to see you up at the office, Nick."

Boesch was waiting for him. "Nick," he said briskly, "we think you're ready now and we've lined up a bout for you in two weeks—with Jim Dalton."

Nick's jaw dropped. "With who?" he asked.

"Jim Dalton," Boesch repeated firmly. "You didn't think we'd start you off easy, did you?"

"Well . . ." Nick wanted to say that Dalton was a pretty formidable opponent to pit against a guy with no professional experience.

But Boesch cut him short, thumped him on the back, wished him luck and shooed him out.

As he drove home, Nick started thinking. And the more he thought, the more nervous he became. He tried to review all the holds he had learned. But, to his horror, he couldn't remember a thing.

Two weeks later, his memory blanked out again as he clumped down to the ring to wrestle Dalton. "I don't want this to sound like an excuse," Nick told a WRESTLING REVUE writer, "but I had a bit of fever. I wasn't going to let that stop me, though. . . ."

As he got to the stairs leading to the ring, how-

ever, he was so jittery that he tripped on the first step. "The match," Nick grinned, "almost ended right there."

His head was swimming when he crawled into the ring. "Referee Marvin Jones called us together. I looked at Dalton and Dalton looked back at me. I don't know what he was thinking—but I was desperate.

"On top of my nervousness, I couldn't remember a thing I'd learned. Jim Dalton would murder me, I thought. When I went back to my corner, I didn't think I'd be able to come out again.

"BUT—" And Nick paused to emphasize the word. "As soon as I heard the bell, every hold clicked right back in my mind. It was really amazing. And my nervousness just slipped off me like a skin."

Spillios tore out, determined to rip Dalton to shreds. Dalton met him head on, and from that point they wrangled like wildcats, slamming and bouncing each other all over the mat as the fans roared themselves hoarse.

At the end, nobody cared who'd won. The fans had seen a beginner handle a wily veteran with such finesse that they howled acclaim. Even Dalton, a grudging man with praise, was impressed. "That Greek fella," he said, "is sure a natural."

Nick was mighty pleased with his performance. "It was the fastest match I've ever been in," he said, adding: "And I think it was the fastest match Dalton has ever been in, too."

There was no boasting in Spillios' measured Texas drawl as he said that. But you could sense his pride. And the wife, his son, Nick Jr., and all the kids at Jones High—they would be proud, too. For Nick had finally made the grade.

Ever since then, Spillios has been wrestling all over the state. And without a quiver of nervousness. But it's a tough grind, considering that he has a full-time teaching and coaching job. He couldn't take it if it weren't for his superb physical condition.

That's why Nick gets riled when cynics say it dosen't take much to become a professional wrestler. All a guy needs, they think, is a big, muscular body and a few hours in the gym.

"Believe me," says Nick, "you need a lot more than that, plus unbelievable determination. And it's not all glamor, either. This is a rugged game—and very dangerous."

Dangerous or not, Spillios is in it for keeps, even if he has to give up his teaching job. "Once I get into the main-event class, I wouldn't have time for anything else, what with the traveling and all."

We asked Nick, a 6-foot, 230-pounder, what he'd miss most if he had to quit teaching.

"The kids at Jones High," he said quickly. "They're a wonderful bunch."

Well, Nick, the feeling would be mutual. Because they think you're a Wonderful Guy.

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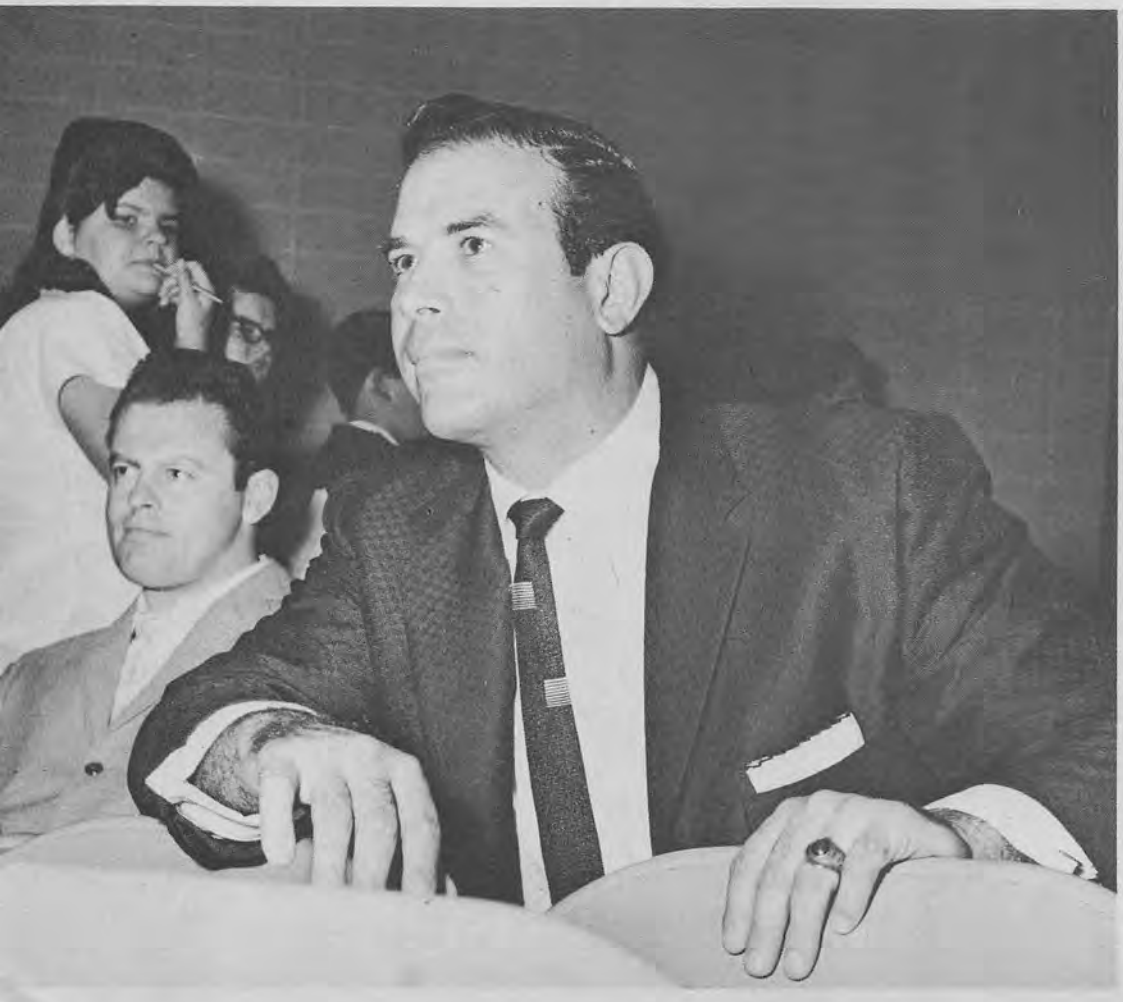

Nick could get more than 40 winks if he'd head right home after wrestling. But he likes to stay and watch the other wrestlers "because I can always learn something." If he doesn't have a match the next night, he goes to the Y gym "to try to figure what I did wrong."

Spillios' first professional match was against veteran Jim Dalton. Nick was so nervous he forgot everything he'd ever learned—till the bell rang.

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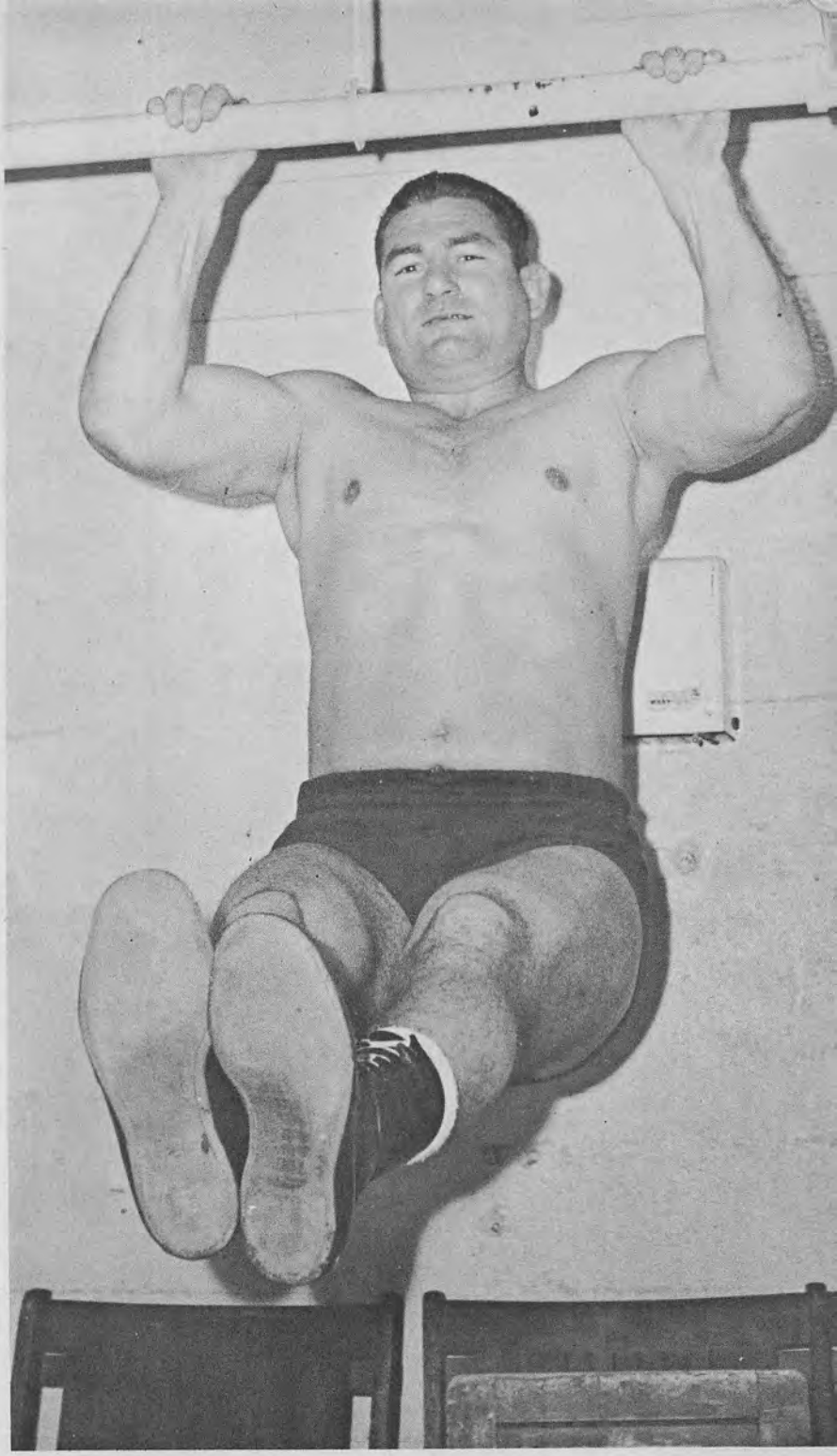
THE 'GREEK' STATUE THAT CAME TO LIFE

It may sound peculiar but it took two ancient Greeks to make a wrestler out of Irish Danno McDonald

Danno arrives far in advance of other wrestlers so he can have the dressing room all to himself for warming up.



A Wrestling Revue photographer who arrived early to set up his equipment was surprised to find McDonald chinning himself from one of the pipes.

LOOKING at Danno McDonald's powerful body, you'd never suspect that he was once a 97-pound weakling who couldn't do a pushup if his life depended on it.

"Of course, that was a long time ago," the 6'1", 235-pound Irishman grinned as he swung from a pipe in his dressing room at Seattle's Masonic Temple.

Danno swiftly chinned himself 50 times, then curved his body into a graceful arc as he came down lightly on the balls of his feet. "The big bullies on the block had a great time beating me up," he said. "But I finally got back at 'em—thanks to two Greeks." "Two Greeks?" we said, nonplussed.

The popular Irishman, a scientific type wrestler, signs autographs for eager fans before his bout with Shag Thomas.

"And the rain doesn't bother you any more . . . ?"

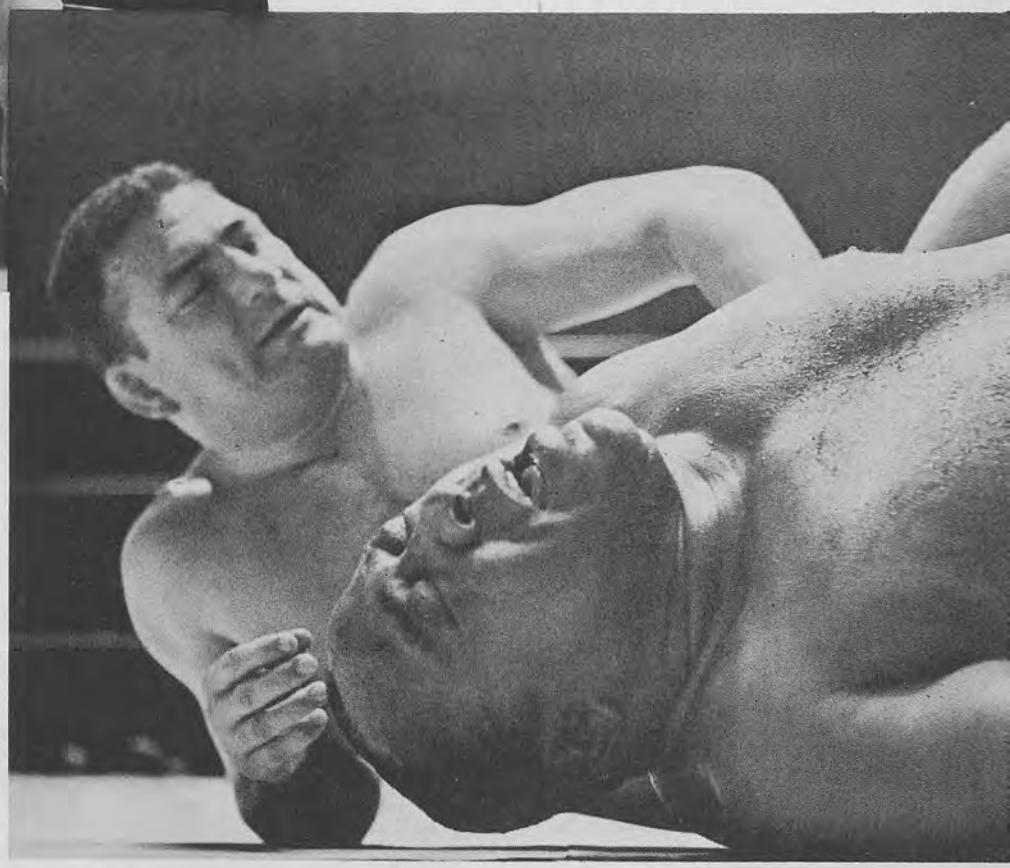
He stopped. "The rain? Oh, yes. No, it doesn't bother me any more."

Danno once had a thing about rain. Four times the rain had jinxed him at crucial junctures in his life.

. . . Rain had washed out a profitable investment he had made in a Canadian rice field.

. . . Rain had robbed him of a $500 prize when his bronc slipped and tossed him in a rodeo contest.

. . . Rain had slicked the highway as Danno was driving to his first professional match. Result:



After warming up with 500 knee-bends, 500 pushups and 100 situps, Danno was hotter than a fireball as he roared in and clamped a painful leglock on Thomas.

"Yep—one of 'em was Praxiteles. Remember him from your art course in school? The famous sculptor who lived about 2,200 years ago? Well, I saw one of his statues in a museum and I swore that some day I'd have a build like that statue. Only, how could I do that if I couldn't even do a pushup?"

Danno dropped to the floor and started doing pushups. "That's where the second Greek came in —Archimedes. He's the guy who discovered that a body displaces its weight in water. That gave me the idea. So I tried doing pushups in my bathtub. It worked fine and inside of a coupla weeks I was doing regular pushups."

"Very instructive," we said. "But how come you're here so early? The other wrestlers haven't even begun to arrive."

Danno winked. "I like to warm up before my bouts. This way I have the whole room to myself." He had done about 100 pushups now and showed no sign of letting up.

"How long does it take you to warm up?"

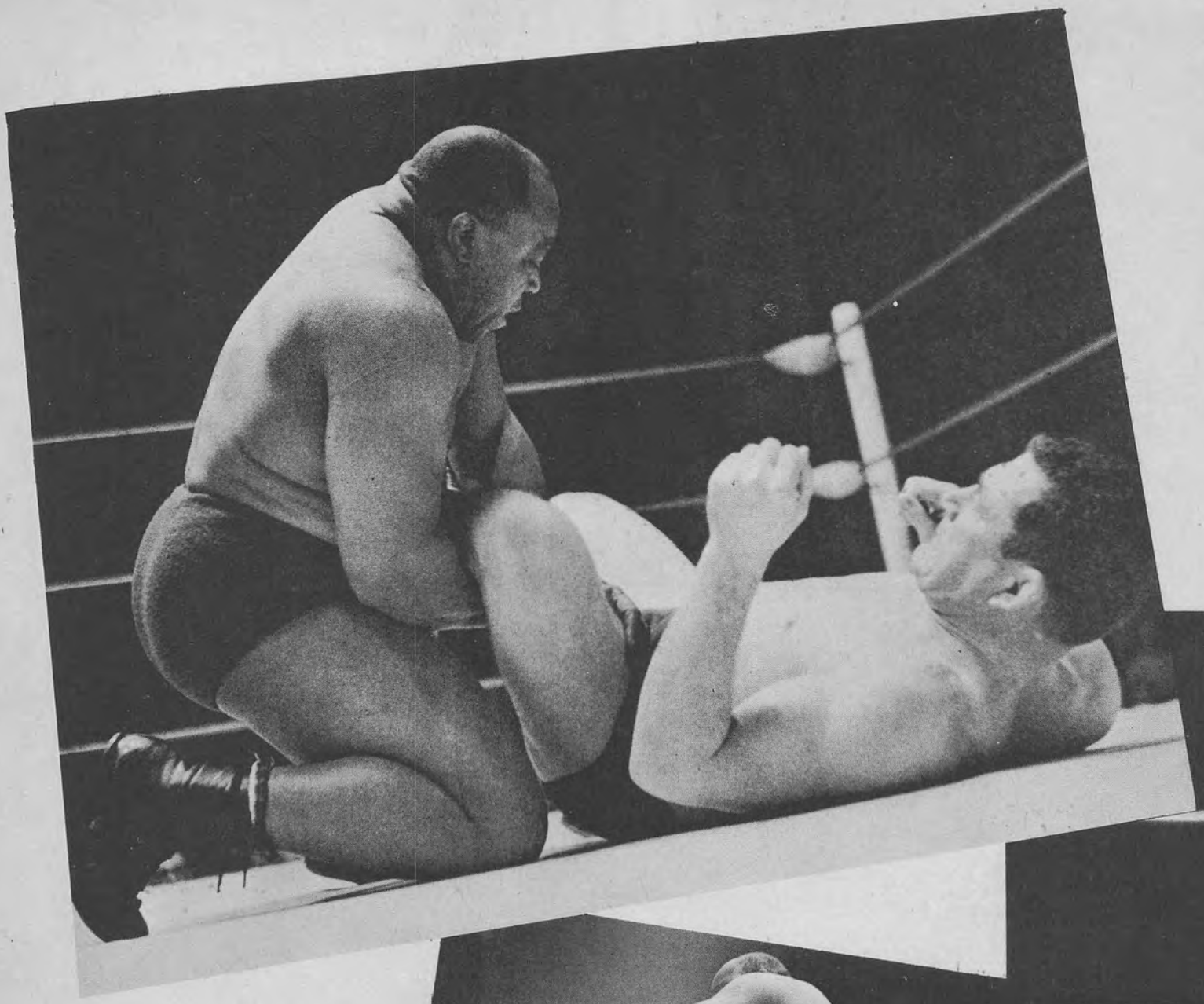
"Oh," he said, going down, "about 500 pushups." Then, coming up: "And another 500 knee-bends. After that, about a hundred situps . . ."

a one-month hospital stretch.

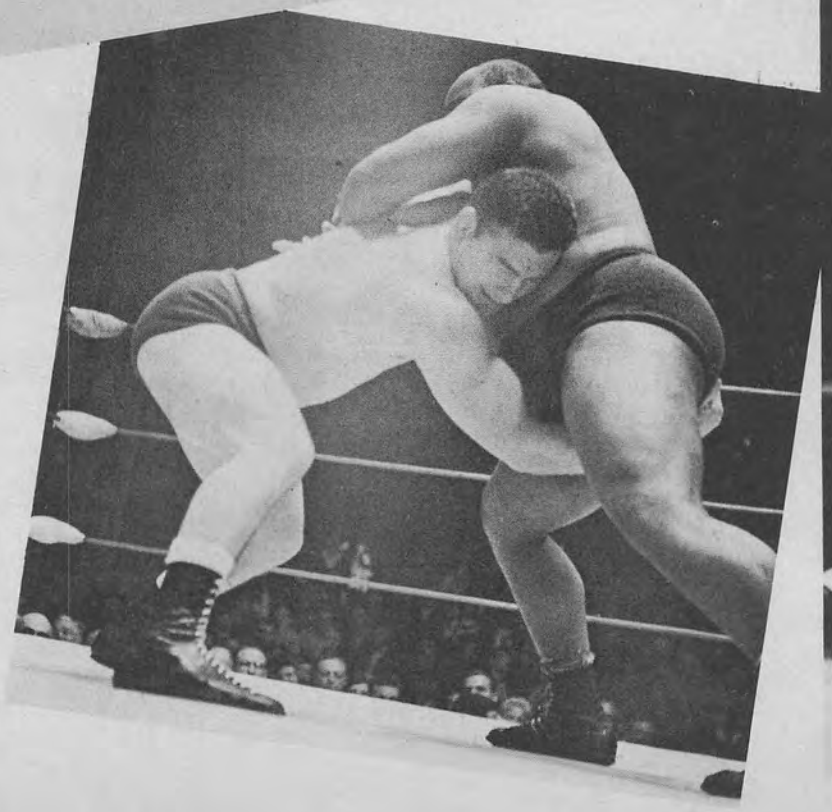
Finally, it rained on the night of his debut in Portland, Ore., when he took a licking that almost discouraged him from a wrestling career.

"For a while," he said, resuming his pushups, "it got so that I wouldn't dare do anything when it rained. But I came around to realize it was just coincidence.

Text continued on page 65



"O-ho," says Thomas. "This Irishman is too hot for me. I gotta take some of the steam outta him." So Shag eluded a flying tackle and leaped on McDonald before Danno could get up, and nailed HIM in a leglock. But it did him no good. Danno kicked loose and . . .



. . . bouncing up, caught Shag by the tail. That's when the tug of war started. Danno kept trying to get a solid grip on Thomas' trunks but Shag had his feet firmly planted and resisted—until McDonald suddenly threw him off balance, and with a mighty heave . . .

After that, I had no trouble."

Actually, that isn't entirely true. Danno had things easy in high school back in Hamilton, Canada, where he starred on the swimming, boxing, wrestling and football teams. But when he left town to become a professional wrestler, he had plenty of trouble. . . .

. . . The kind of trouble that comes from living like a gypsy, sleeping in cheap hotels or the back seat of a friend's car, eating greasy hamburgers and stale rolls—all the while trying to persuade skeptical wrestling promoters to give him work.

"But that was all over a long time ago," Danno said, swinging into his knee-bend routine. Danno is 33 years old and by "a long time ago" he means about nine years, not counting the first two when he was struggling for recognition.

The remarkable thing is that this handsome Irishman, who now lives in Seattle, Wash., got where he is without resorting to dirty tactics. Maybe his Irish cleverness has something to do with it. Then again, it might just be the fact that he is one of the most scientific wrestlers around.

Mention the name Danno McDonald to his victims and all they think of is his dreaded back and neck breaker hold. Said one: "I've had Fritz Von Erich use his Claw on me and Verne Gagne, his Sleeper. Those holds are bad enough—but at least they don't break your bones."

"I don't break any, either," said Danno, going into his sit-ups, ". . . unless I run into some of those dirty wrestlers. They remind me of the bullies I used to fight on my block—and I don't show them any mercy."

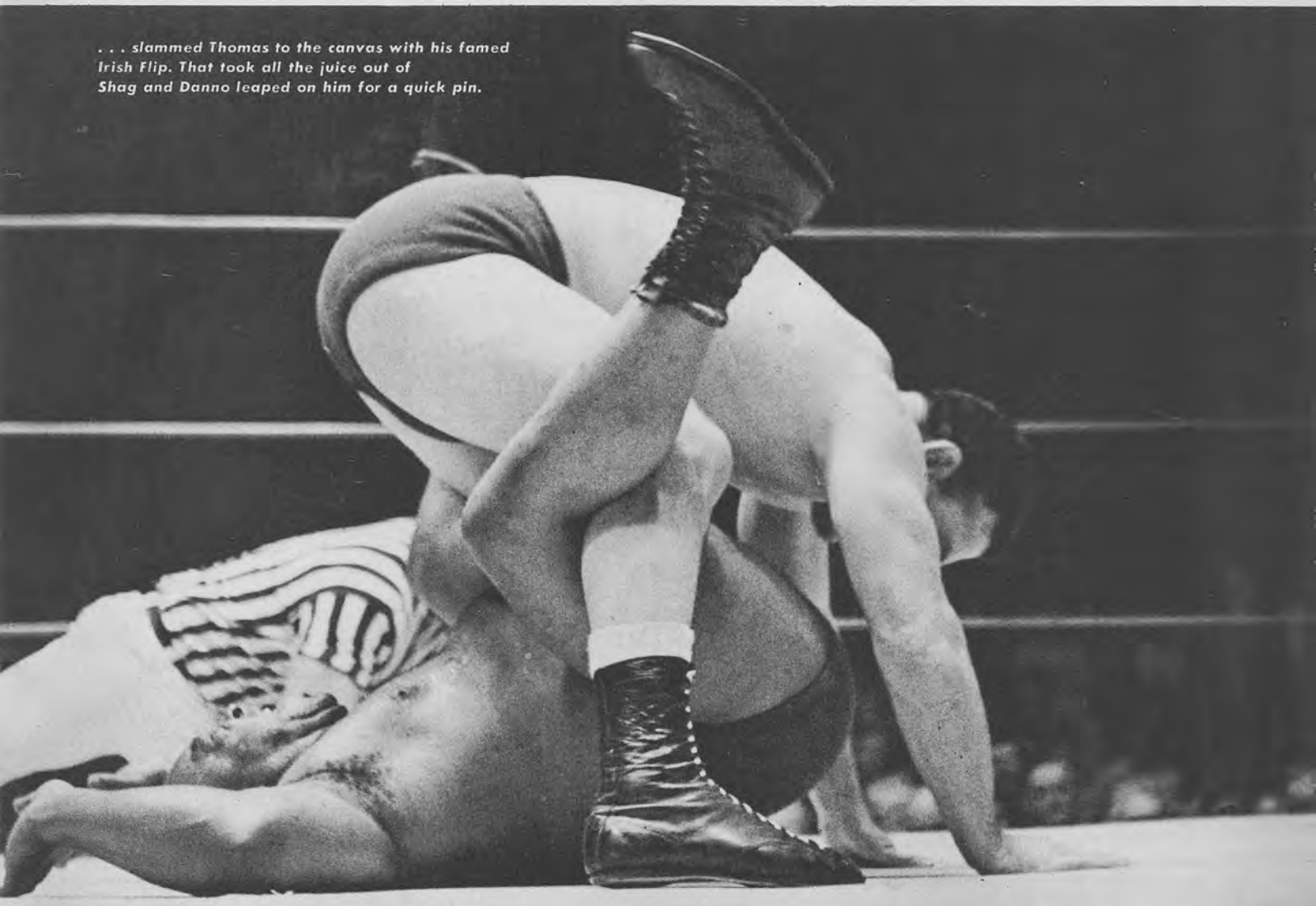
Danno sprang to his feet, dusted his hands and said: "There—now I'm all warmed up."

We asked if he ever relaxed. "You bet I do," he grinned. "I like to golf and fish as well as the next man."

That is, when his wife and two daughters are not making demands on his time. Danno admitted it. "That's the trouble—I seem to have so little time to do anything."

It was a familiar lament. But he has no plans for early retirement. "Heck, I'm good for another ten years. By that time I'll have enough dough to really enjoy my retirement."

Then he went out and blasted Shag Thomas around the ring. ■



. . . slammed Thomas to the canvas with his famed Irish Flip. That took all the juice out of Shag and Danno leaped on him for a quick pin.

PALMER

Continued from page 51

ball star, she was a BGOC (Big Girl on the Campus). "Besides," she said, "I had a terrifically sexy figure. With me the guys had a well-rounded all-American type girl."

But she couldn't stomach 99 percent of them. "They were impossibly egotistical. Like the star basketball player. He thought he was hot stuff. So I decided to fix his wagon. Everytime he missed a foul shot, I'd ring a cowbell and razz him. Once he got so mad he hurled the ball at me.

"Finally, he challenged me to a foul-shooting contest. If I lost, I'd keep my mouth shut for the rest of the season. If he lost, he'd parade around the school with a sign on his back saying, 'I Am the World's Worst Basketball Player.' Well, I beat him and he never forgave me."

Annette was craving for excitement when she graduated. "But my mother wanted me to be a teacher, so I went to Minot State Teachers College in North Dakota." She stuck it out for one year, then quit. "I was beginning to turn into a square," she said.

She was job-hunting one chilly fall day when a wrestling poster caught her eye. Headlining the card was a girl's match. Annette's feet were killing her, so she decided to take in the show that night. "I figured, what could I lose? It would be a change of pace, at least.

"What a thrill it turned out to be! The girls were just terrific. I was so excited I couldn't sleep that night, thinking of them. I decided then and there that this was for me."

Most girls would have had trouble getting started. Annette was lucky. Her cousin, Marvin "Dutch" Hart, was an established local wrestler. He rigged up a makeshift gym in his basement, taught her all he knew and then arranged for her first pro bout.

It took place on Dec. 2, 1956, in Venturia, N. D., against LaVonne Harte, a big, rugged veteran. Annette amazed the fans by thrashing LaVonne in two straight falls, dislocating her shoulder in the process.

Since then, 26-year-old Annette Palmer has been drop-kicking opponents from coast-to-coast. She prides herself on the fact that she's the only woman wrestler from her state. "That's quite an accomplishment," she says, without bragging, "because North Dakota is an athletically-minded state where the girls are rough and tough."

They're feminine, too, according to Annette, and her 5'6", 140-pound whistle-bait figure proves it. In fact, she seems too feminine for wrestling. But it's a deceptive impression, for under those shapely lines are layers of hard muscle.

Annette never regretted quitting college. "Look at it this way," she says. "Last week, I made $425 for one night's work. Why, I'd have to teach a whole month to make that much!"

You can't quarrel with that. It's a tempting figure, all right—almost as tempting as Annette's. ■

GORGEOUS GEORGE

Continued from page 24

No. 5 for good measure.

Gorgeous reveled in all the attention, the excitement, the adoration. It was obvious he had lost none of his popularity since he had last appeared in Chicago in 1954. How could anybody forget the Gorgeous One? He was a legend come to life and as our car crawled along, people called out his name as if they were greeting a dear old friend.

His reception at the Free Fair was even more heart-warming. Over 1,000 spectators had left their rides and had crowded around a raised platform to give him a thunderous greeting.

Though tired by the grind, George reacted like a real pro and after the introductions, administered the "Georgie Pin Oath of Allegiance" to Joe Meegan, executive secretary of the Back to the Yards Council.

Leaving the Fair, we drove to the offices of the Chicago American where Gorgeous was interviewed and photographed for a big feature story. Then we headed for the Chicago Theater, George stopping frequently to squirt perfume, and pulled up in front of the State Street entrance.

A crowd quickly gathered as Cherie went to work combing his blond locks while George looked into a hand mirror held out at arm's length. The people gazed at this strange spectacle without uttering a sound. It was as if they were in the presence of a monarch enacting a ritual that touched each one of them individually.

George should have been thoroughly exhausted from the day-long activity. But when we got to the Waikiki Club that evening, he was in great spirits. He joked, laughed, danced the hula, posed for pictures with the club's performers. He then inducted Honolulu Harry into the Gorgeous George Club. And, in turn, Harry installed George as an honorary member of the exclusive Hawaiian Club of Chicago.

The party didn't break up until 4 A.M. Only 42 hours later, Gorgeous squared off with Dick the Bruiser. I wish I could say he beat the Bruiser. That would have added brightness to the legend. But fate has a way of tarnishing legends. And fate was on Bruiser's side that night, when he won two straight falls in just 12 minutes.

But even that crushing defeat couldn't erase the bubbling enthusiasm George had felt over the parade. He continued wrestling as late as 1962, but always looking back at that event in Chicago as the high spot of his life.

I thought about all this when I picked up the Dec. 27, 1963, papers and read that Gorgeous had died of a heart attack in Los Angeles at the age of 48.

His critics had called him a pompous, posturing phony who couldn't wrestle his way out of a paper bag. But I knew differently.

To me, he was a tremendous credit to the sport, a master showman who gave it class as well as drama and excitement.

And one more thing, fans . . . he was one helluva wrestler. And don't ever forget it! ■

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NATION-WIDE WRESTLING RESULTS

(Reported by Boxing Illustrated correspondents)

BALTIMORE, MD. The Bob Ellis-Great Scott bout ended in a double disqualification. Bud Cody and Gordon Nelson topped Skull Murphy and Pepe Figuroa. Pampero Firpo beat Tom Martin. Kostos Pappalazaros topped Lou Albano. Rita Cortez defeated Carol Little in two out of three falls.

LINCOLN, NEB. — Killer Karl Cox won on a disqualification over The Sheik. Bobby Managoff drew with Rocky Hamilton. Tarzan Tyler topped Tor Hagen. Chief Little Eagle whipped Corsica Joe.

KANSAS CITY, KAN. — Fritz Von Erich took two out of three falls from Bobo Brazil. The Sheik and The Bruiser were both counted out while slugging each other outside the ring. John Kostas won on a disqualification over Ike Eakins. Gino Marellá topped Rocky Lee. Cowboy Bradley whipped Tiny Roe. Dot Dotson lost to Evelyn Stevens.

ORLANDO, FLA. — Don Curtis and Joe Scarpa drew with the Von Braunner brothers. Billy Parks topped Jim Wright. Ali Bey disposed of Bulldog Lawley.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. — Two old rivals, the Bruiser and Wilbur Snyder, teamed up to inflict one of the worst (and bloodiest) defeats on Stan and Art Neilson. A standing room only crowd roared their approval as the Neilsons dropped two straight falls. Haystacks Muldoon defeated Don Jardine. Pee Wee Lopez whipped Marcel Senard. Rip Collins topped Gene Murphy. Chuck Conley won over Johnny Heideman.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK. — Dan Hodge successfully defended his junior heavyweight title by whipping Joe McCarthy in a bitterly fought battle. In a tag match, Jan Madrid and Louis Tillet were too smart and fast for Jackie Nichols and Tiny Smith.

LITCHFIELD, ILL. — Pat O'Connor won two straight falls from Stan Stasiak. Marcel Dupont and Lorenzo Parente defeated Duke Keomoka and Rocky Lee. Cowboy Bradley topped Tiny Roe (midgets). Corsica Joe drew with veteran Joe Millich.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. — Ray Stevens lost the first fall, then bounced to take the next two and the match from tough Kinji Shibuya. Pepper Gomez teamed with Luis Martinez to defeat Don Manoukian and Karl Von Brock. Leo Nomellini pinned Mike Valentino. Mitsu Arakawa threw Emile Dupre. George Scott topped Chico Garcia.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. — Ray Stevens whipped Joe Brunetti. Kinji Shibuya won two out of three falls from Red Bastein. Pepper Gomez topped The Alaskan. Hercules Cortez pinned Mike Valentino. Don Manoukian won from Guy Brunetti. Mitsu Arakawa used his famous claw hold to down Ronnie Etchinson.

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Bob Ellis defeated Lou Albano. Pompero Firpo outgunned Luis Torres. Brute Bernard and Skull Murphy won over Carlos Milano and Pete Sanchez. Mark Lewin trimmed Angelo Savoldi in two straight falls. In the main event, Antonino Rocca whipped Larry Simon.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. — The Kalmikoff brothers went to a draw against Don Leo Jonathan and Ilio DiPaolo. Bobo Brazil topped Steve Stanlee. Bob Stanlee won over Howard Martin. Eric Pomeroy pinned Diamond Jim Brady. Bobby Gráham and Tony Marino teamed up to defeat the Scufflin Hillbillies.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH. — Lou Klein (Bastien) lost on disqualification to The Great Bolo. Rickie Cortez defeated Tony Parisi. The Alaskan had an easy time whipping Danny Ferazza with a bear hug. Joe Motti topped Tim Hampton with a full-nelson.

(continued on next page)

LOU KLEIN, once known as Lou Bastien, writes that he is teaming up with LARRY CHENE and expects to share with Larry the World's Tag Team Championship within a year. Meanwhile, Lou is having a running feud with the GREAT BOLO. They have been hacking away at each other in what is called "Texas Style Death" matches. The rules for this form of legalized murder are simple: No pins count. The only way a victory can be had is when somebody quits.

Did you know that BIG MOOSE CHOLAK scored a tremendous upset win over CRUSHER LISOWSKI in Madison, Wisconsin on April 4th? But Crusher wasn't exactly beaten in the true sense of the word. Here's what happened: Lisowski won the first fall by picking up the 365-pound Moose and slamming him to the floor. Cholak zoomed back to take the second fall with a body press. Soon after the third and deciding fall got underway, Crusher was shoved out of the ring by Moose who came running out after him. A furious melee took place as the men slugged each other all over the arena. Meanwhile the referee was counting away. But Cholack was carefully listening to the count. When the referee yelled "Sixteen," Moose made sure he was close enough to the ring to jump back in before the fatal twenty was reached. By the time Lisowski realized what was going on it was too late. He had been counted out.

MIKE AND DOC GALLAGHER returned to action as a team after a long layoff to whip the KALMIKOFFS in Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium. Good to see Mike and Doc back together. They're a fabulous tag team.

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The end came in a blaze of action, with Bruno slamming home thunderous rights to the jaw and belly. Cortez absorbed a fearful amount of punishment before he finally submitted.

THE MATCH SAMMARTINO REMEMBERS BEST

Continued from page 13

half the time. The third time, his 'psychology' wasn't working too good and I got him out pretty quick, too . . ."

Bruno stopped to wipe his face. Then he said a startling thing: "A lot of people have asked me to name the man who has given me my toughest battle—Graham or Gorilla Monsoon. I'll bet you were going to ask me that, too. (We nodded). Well, it wasn't Graham and it wasn't Monsoon. It was Ricki Cortez . . ."

That *was* a surprise. In terms of weight alone, 250-pound Ricki Cortez could hardly be compared with Graham, a 300-pounder, or Monsoon, the 357-pound monster from Manchuria. We mentioned this to Bruno, a 265-pounder himself, and he smiled.

"Cortez," he said, "was faster and meaner, if that's possible. What a time he gave me! I'll never forget that night. It was at the Detroit Olympia back in the fall of 1961—September, I think.

"I was pretty new in this country and I could hardly speak English. But I had heard about Cortez. He came out of the slums in Mexico City and he was beating everybody around. I read some place that, once, he'd

run outta the ring like a coward. But that wasn't true. It was the other way around. He left because he knew if he stayed he would've got so mad he'd of killed his opponent."

Bruno peeled off his trunks and ducked under a steaming shower. His muscles glistened as he soaped himself. "That Cortez," he said, closing his eyes to keep out the spray, "was a great one for working you over on the ropes.

"The ropes in the Olympia ring were covered with a soft material. But when I got through that night, my back felt like it'd been ripped by barbed wire. He had another habit of trapping your head between the ropes and then trying to strangle you . . .

". . . but he was so mean he never finished you off that way. Oh, no—that would have been too easy. Cortez liked variety. That's how he got his kicks. He used to prolong the agony as much as possible. Then, when he couldn't have any more fun, he'd finish you off."

Bruno knew practically everything about Cortez' ring tactics, having observed him in several contests. In the ring, however, this knowledge didn't do Bruno much good. He had a crafty terror on his hands and only by sheer brute strength was he finally able to overcome him.

Sammartino stepped out of the shower and we asked him if any pictures had been taken of the bout. He shook his head: "I don't know . . . I don't think so . . ."

Back in our office, we got a hunch. It was possible that, among the thousands of pictures shot by WRESTLING REVUE photographers, there were some photos of that particular Detroit match. It was a slim hope but after checking through the voluminous files we finally struck pay dirt—a never-before-used set snapped by staffer Bob Luce.

Maybe Bruno won't care to add them to his scrapbook. After all, they would be a constant reminder of a frustrating evening. But on the other hand, he might like to pin them up—just as any hunter would mount a prized trophy. ■

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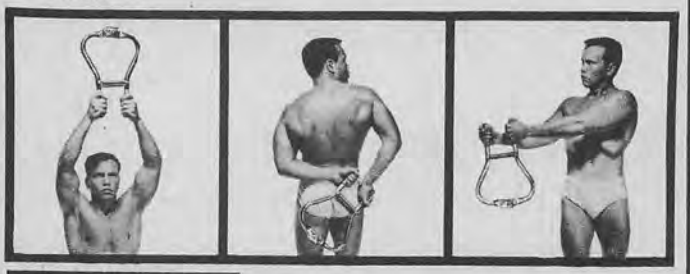

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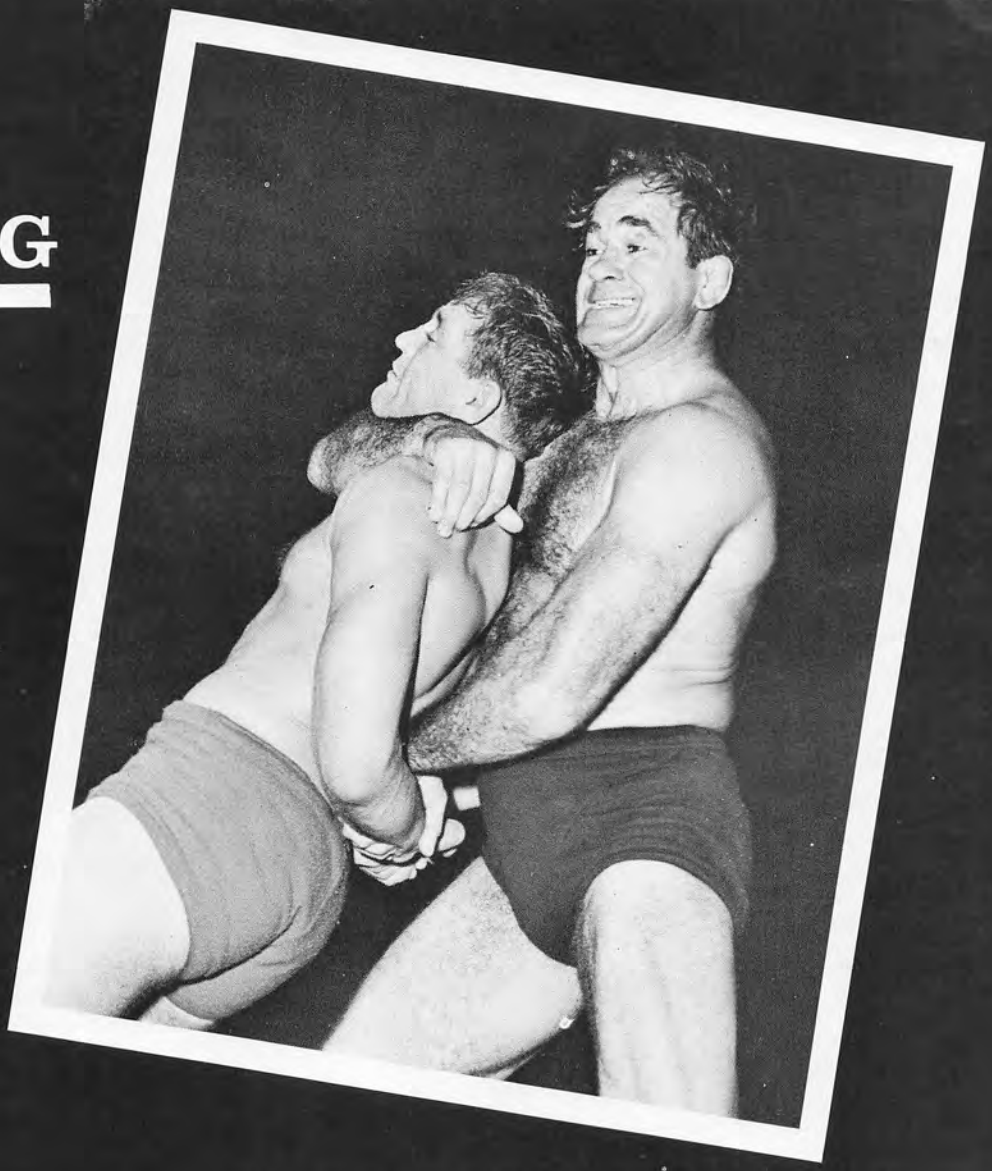
OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS



Male

1—LOU THESZ
2—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
3—VERNE GAGNE
4—DON DeNUCCI
5—EDDIE GRAHAM
6—FRITZ VON ERICH
7—GENE KINISKI
8—WILBUR SNYDER
9—DAN HODGE
10—FRED BLASSIE

These ratings, which are compiled with the full authority and approval of The National Wrestling Alliance, professional wrestling's top governing body, are universally accepted as "Official."

Female

1—JUNE BYERS
2—JUDY GRABLE
3—FABULOUS MOOLAH
4—KAREN KELLOGG
5—FRAN GRAVETTE
6—ANNE CASEY
7—VICKI ADAMS
8—PENNY BANNER
9—VERNE BOTTOMS
10—JESSICA ROGERS

Tag Teams

1—PEPPER GOMEZ & JOSE LOTHARIO
2—KILLER KOWALSKI & GORILLA MONSOON
3—THE KANGAROOS
4—THE VON BRAUNERS
5—THE DALTONS
6—THE MEDICS
7—THE GORDOS
8—ART & STAN NEILSON
9—MITSU ARAKAWA & KINJI SHIBUYA
10—THE SCOTTS

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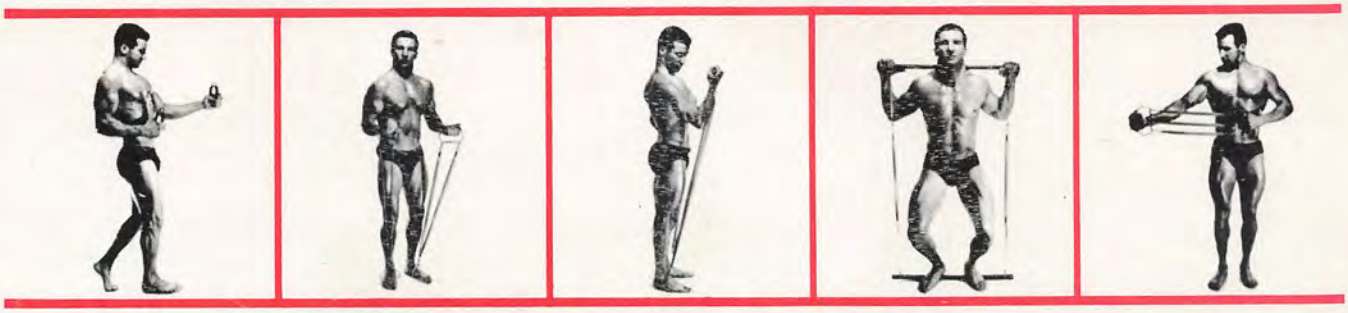

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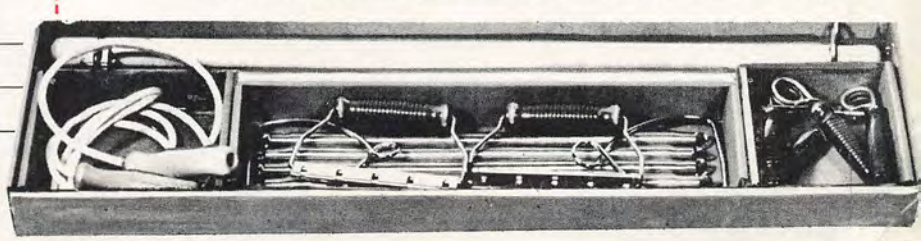
Offer good in U.S. & Canada. For delivery in all other countries add $3.00 for shipping costs. No C.O.D. orders accepted. For quickest delivery make payment with money order.

PERFECT FOR BEGINNERS—The COMPLETE HOME GYM is based on the theory of adjustable tension. This means that you adjust the amount of tension by either increasing or decreasing the number of springs on the exercisers. As you progress in your training your strength increases and therefore you require greater resistance. Thus even the youngest child can benefit from the HOME GYM.

Simply follow the instructions, a few hours each week, then marvel at the result as thousands of others have done before you.